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From Beginning

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CONTENTS

The Coming Elections in France . . . . . PIERRE MILLE 129
From the Observer
Alternatives for the Allies in Russia . . . . . A. N. BRIANTCHANINOFF 132
From the National Review
A Recent Journey Through Russia . . . . . W. T. GOODE 137
From the Manchester Guardian

The Trial of the Horse . . . . . RABINDRANATH TAGORE 148
From the Calcutta Review
Lord Grey, Shakespeare, Mr. Archer, and others . . . . . GEORGE BERNARD SHAW 150
From the Nation
The Next War à La Mode 152
From Punch
Old Countries and New . . . . . LORD CHARNWOOD 154
From the Anglo-French Review
Some Memories of the Russian Court . . . MARIE, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA 157
From La Revue des Deux Mondes
Scientific Education 160
From the Athenæum
Love Impeached . . . . . W. H. DAVIES 163
From the Owl

The Island of Saints . . . . . GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM 164
From the Irish Statesman
America and the English Literary Tradition . . VINCENT O'SULLIVAN 170
From the New Witness
Joseph: A Story . . . . . KATHERINE RICKFORD 176
From Land and Water

ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

The Plumb Plan Through British Eyes 182
From the New Statesman
Anglo-American Exchange: A Pressing Problem . . CHARLES DUGUID 185
From the Landmark
After the Rain . . . . . FORD MADOX HUEFFER 187
From the New Statesman
Talk of Europe 188
Strasbourg University — Chez Dufayel — In Re the Kaiser — Lord Meath's Scheme for Ireland — Lord Fisher's Letter on the Navy — The State of Japan — Guarding the Rosetta Stone.
The Editor's Note-Book 191

A PAGE OF VERSE

Chambers . . . . . WILFRID WILSON GIBSON 192
From the Athenæum
London Morning . . . . . P. SELVER 192
From To-day
The Moon Rose Up . . . . . JOSEPH CAMPBELL 192
From the Nation

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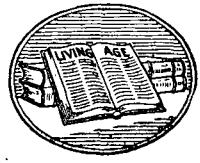

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OCTOBER 18, 1919

THE COMING ELECTIONS IN FRANCE

BY PIERRE MILLE

THE *Temps* announced recently that the general elections for the Chamber of Deputies would take place in France on October 28. Further, that the municipal elections, those of the General Councils of the departments, and those of a third of the members of the Senate whose mandates have expired, would follow very shortly, between November 2 and December 14. A day later a very dry official note, emanating from the government, stated that no definite decision had been arrived at, seeing that 'the Cabinet had not yet deliberated.'

It is quite possible that the Cabinet has not yet deliberated; but, at the same time, it is very evident that the dates announced by the *Temps* for the elections must be near the truth. And that for a good reason, namely, that the President of the Republic must be elected on January 17, 1920, or, if a small legal subterfuge is employed, on February 2 following, and that the mandate of the present Chamber expired four years ago. Thus the present deputies and a proportion of the senators are not qualified for electing the President of the Republic. Nor are the General Councilors and the delegates of the cantons and arrondissements qualified for electing the senators, as they are legally called upon to do (the said senators, in their turn, designating every seven years the President of the Republic). Although the legislative elections, since the institution of the *scrutin de liste* which suppressed the second 'tour,' take place on a single day, all these operations will require at least two or two and a half months Thus it will be difficult to put off the beginning of the elections to a date much later than the first days of December.

That will make it more than eight years since the electors were consulted. The greatest and the cruelest war of all history has taken place in this lapse of time. In what state is public opinion to-day? Who are the men that will be returned to the Chamber, and what will be the respective strength of the different parties?

That is what everybody is wondering. It is generally expected that the Conservatives will win seats, and that the Socialists will lose them — at least, that seems to be the belief of the latter — but in what proportion? As the censorship is still in force, it is not

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the newspapers that will give us the necessary information. Besides, as we shall see presently, only the provincial papers can furnish such indications at an ordinary time, and to-day they are gagged as completely as are those of Paris. So it is preferable to explain, in a general way, the political situation in France before the war. It is, as a rule, little understood, not only abroad, but in Paris itself, and the recapitulation of what took place before the war may help us to perceive more clearly the changes that the future may bring.

It is commonly supposed that it is Paris and the big towns which give the note to French political opinion. That ceased to be the case three quarters of a century ago, that is to say, when universal suffrage was introduced in 1848.

At the time when the suffrage was limited it was Paris that made the revolutions. And the country accepted the results of the revolutions made in Paris; firstly, because, as it voted little or not at all, it took little interest in politics, and secondly, because, as the governments of those days had only *armées de metier*, quite insufficient as regards number, to fall back upon, the power of insurrection was always greater than that of repression.

But with universal suffrage all that changed. The electors of the provinces, where the countryman was in the immense majority, had a say in the matter. Now, the Socialistic tendencies of the Revolution of 1848 had made them uneasy. Since the Revolution of 1789 they had nearly all become proprietors — France is a country cut up into very small properties — and in consequence did not wish to have the principle of individual ownership attacked. Thus they voted for the government of Napoleon III, whose régime of order reassured them. And until about 1880 it was always Paris and the big towns which represented the most advanced shades of Republican opinion, while the country was the more conservative element.

The same holds good to-day, but inversely. The *paysans* are always conservative, but conservative for the Republican form of government as it actually exists. Paris and many of the big towns have in their turn been moved by fresh influences. They are divided between the defenders of capital, which is generally reactionary and Catholic, as it considers religion to be a guaranty of order and security, and the workmen of the great industrial centres, who are Socialists as a rule. At heart the *paysans* have not changed their opinion, only the manner of expressing this opinion is modified. They remain as they were. On the one hand they are resolved not to allow the dogma of individual ownership to be touched; but on the other hand they are the enemies, not of the parish priest, who does not worry them, but of the religious orders which possess land coveted by them, and the remainder of the great landowners whose estates they would like to split up. Thus they vote for the Radicals and the Radical-Socialists, whose programme includes those measures.

Their political attitude has been clearly indicated in the following two axioms, which despite their paradoxical appearance contain a great deal of truth. The first is that France is a country which since the twelfth century has always been profoundly Catholic and profoundly anti-clerical. The *paysan* has remained religious in the sense that it is no use trying to keep him from Church baptisms, marriages, and funerals, and he is anti-clerical because he does not like the monks and wants their possessions for himself.

The second axiom is that the departments that were the most fervently

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Bonapartist under the Second Empire have become the most firmly Radical-Socialist under the Third Republic. But that is because the Radical-Socialist deputies to-day are the protectors and the defenders of the *paysans*, assuring to them in the political community the same privileged position they enjoyed under the Second Empire. That is why it has been remarked that, for about twenty years, the provinces which were formerly the strongholds of the monarchy — la Vendée and Brittany — return at every fresh election a greater number of Republican representatives, while the reactionary opposition gains ground in the towns, where the upper and middle classes are alarmed at the progress of a democratic system which deprives them of all influence.

Now the *paysan* families number twenty-seven millions out of the thirty-eight millions of France's population (there are, besides, a million foreigners). They constitute the supporters of the Radicals and the Radical-Socialists, and this explains the importance of these two groups in the Chamber, and their influence, which is far greater than their numerical importance. There is a large number of questions on which the deputies of other groups, be they Socialists, Moderate Republicans, or even Monarchists, are obliged to vote with the Radicals when they have *paysan* electors.

The curious thing is that the Paris press, as a whole, is hostile to this Radical-Socialist opinion, so powerful in the provinces. That is easily explained, for it — the Paris press — represents above all the interests of 'big business' — the great industries which have put up the money for it. The *paysan* takes no notice — he does not take enough notice! — of Commerce and Industry, however great. His political horizon is very limited. He wishes to sell his produce at the highest possible price, and consequently to be protected against foreign competition by a high tariff. He wishes to drink the alcohol that he makes for himself from his vines or his apples without the Excise interfering with him. He wishes to have good roads and plenty of light railways. But he takes not the slightest interest in Colonial affairs, or in the extension of foreign markets for our manufactured goods, or in our foreign policy. In short, politics for him mean local politics. The deputy that he chooses, and that he chooses according to his tastes and his lights, thinks as he does. The result is '*les mares stagnantes du scrutin d'arrondissement*.' But on the other hand, as I have already pointed out, he remains ardently attached to the principle of individual ownership, and so forms an insurmountable barrier against the assaults of the Socialist minority. Even in the Chamber the hundred or so Socialist Deputies who are there have only been able to form part of the government by joining the Radicals and Radical-Socialists, that is to say, by giving up their programme of nationalizing the means of production and voting laws for the protection of Labor, which is a very different thing, and for which their electors reproach them to-day.

Such has been the situation up till now. With the system of the *scrutin de liste*, which will mingle the electors of the town with those of the country, it will change in a certain degree. But none can tell if this degree will be great or small, and in that uncertainty lies the interest of the forthcoming elections. Moreover, the electors, even in the country, are tired of their deputies, and so there will be, perhaps, more of a renewal of political personalities than of parties.

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It must be added that the above considerations do not apply to the North of France nor to the Basque country — the regions of Biarritz and Oleron. In this part of the Pyrenees which touches Spain the influence of the priest is all-powerful, as in Spain. And the North of France has the Belgian mentality. There, as in Belgium, the electors are divided into Clericals and Socialists, and the influence of the Radical-Socialists is feeble.

The Observer

ALTERNATIVES FOR THE ALLIES IN RUSSIA

BY A. N. BRIANTCHANINOFF

THE sad news from the Archangel and Ural Fronts is of exceptional gravity. It influences the whole future of Europe, not only because temporary checks and retreats retard the coming of the true peace, which without a settlement of Russian affairs it is impossible to attain, but also because it definitely confirms news received from private sources in Moscow and Berlin. This is no time for the concealment of facts, dictated by a policy of reciprocal civility. The true feeling of friendship and brotherhood which united Russia and her Allies during the war is now more than ever necessary. The curtain has been rung up on the fourth act of the tragedy of 'The Birth of a New Europe,' and the general European situation forces us to hide nothing from our friends lest our warning come too late! The truth is seldom pleasant, especially to those who well deserve a rest after the unprecedented nervous tension they have lately endured. This makes the duty of plain speech even more painful. Nevertheless, we feel bound to speak out.

Russia is in danger of turning away from the Allies, not only materially, but psychologically, which is far more serious. Odessa has left a most painful recollection. Will Archangel now complete the picture of disillusionment and utter disappointment of Russians in the Allies' international decency? Every one is liable to make mistakes. Therefore it will not be merely on the mistakes committed by the Allies in their inconsequent conduct toward Russia that they will be judged by Russian public opinion, but rather on the fact that in Russia these Allied Governments are supposed to be independent of German intrigues and to represent Allied public opinion, supposed, too, to be independent of any alien mischievous influence. If the Odessa affair had been followed by an inquiry in tune with M. de Chappedeleine's brilliant speech in the Chamber of Deputies in June, and a trial and judgment had been the lot of those who had betrayed the Russians, confident in the good faith and in the strength of victorious France, Russian opinion would then have seen the proof of the good intentions of the French nation as a whole, and a pledge of future steadfastness and the bond of brotherhood. But to

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many newspaper readers it seemed that French interest was confined to the fact that some red flags had been flown from the masts of French ships. No one seemed to have the slightest sympathy with Russia as a friendly entity, and with the way the unhappy victims of the sudden retreat from Odessa were treated. This psychological disaster, inflicted by Odessa Frenchmen on France's fair prestige and good reputation in Russia, may not lightly be forgotten!

The same may be said of Archangel. If, in consequence of the retreat of the British troops at a time when, for general reasons of enforcing peace throughout Europe, it is necessary to show a strong hand, the Russians are abandoned to be demoralized or massacred, and the northern provinces left to be desolated, what can Russians there think of the value of British statesmanship and friendship? Will they not be left with the idea that Great Britain is ruled by Little-Englanders who have lost the characteristics of the great Englishmen who have conferred the benefit of British civilization on the greater part of the world because of their firmness in defending British prestige? And would not the handling of the Cromie case be compared with the case of the Jew Pacifico, in defense of some of whose dirty financial transactions a British shell is still in the wall of the Acropolis? Let no one indulge in illusions about the importance of Denikin's success, which has been nullified by the retreat on the Ural Front — a retreat of a permanent nature, since the bridges have been blown up and the roads destroyed. The assistance given by Great Britain in the south has produced a most favorable impression upon the local population, but it is doubtful if this will influence the minds of those now leaving their native land near the Ural in an endless trail of caravans, according to the graphic description of the *Times'* correspondent. Can they help thinking that Kolchak would have been long ago in Moscow, and Russia pacified, if the diplomacy of the Allies had not been guided by the International 'Hidden Hand,' acting for the benefit of Germany (now camouflaged as International Socialism), and preventing the Allied General Headquarters from providing Kolchak at once with all the necessary war material lying ready for disposal ever since the conclusion of the armistice?

The plain truth for many Russians is this: Terrible as the Germans are as enemies, stopping at nothing to achieve their own ends, they are also valuable allies, and did not hesitate to detach a contingent of 300,000 men from their main front at a critical moment, to safeguard order and prosperity in Little Russia and in the territories occupied by them in 1917–18; while the Allies, with the best intentions in the world, and guided in their hearts — if not always in their deeds — by far higher principles of civilization, are so blindly driven by certain people of their governing class, specially interested in conciliating the C.G.T., the Triple Alliance, and kindred organizations, that they find themselves everywhere, like defunct Austria, 'Too late by an idea, by an army, by a year!'

The truth underlying the military successes of the Bolsheviki to those who know the reactionary evolution of Bolshevism at Moscow, does not only comprise the probability of German gunners behind the Bolshevist guns and of German officers at Bronstein — Trotsky — G.H.Q., but is much more profound in its immediate consequences for the Allies. It means nothing less than that the

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Allies, through their indecision and their absurd policy of recognizing certain frontier provinces of Russia, which are known to be non-durable as states, but which are, nevertheless, declared to be independent, are going to create in the Bolshevist army the sentiment of a Russian national self-consciousness. Thus the Allies are responsible for rousing a national enthusiasm for a single and united Russia in the Bolshevist army, reactionary in its spirit and practice, which enthusiasm would be impossible were the Allies' policy faithful to the rôle of Russia's friends and trustees. *De facto* one can say that the Allies' policy alone has created the effectiveness of the Red armies. Nobody will be astonished at the fact that the incompetent and politically dishonest leaders of Labor are sympathetic to Bolshevism, not wishing to understand that it means in reality the most hideous form of Prussianism and reaction; but how should the Russian man in the street understand educated English Liberals, with all the proofs at their disposal, playing the game of the new form of Prussian militarism in Russia?

The newspapers attest that the fighting spirit of the Bolshevist troops has distinctly improved during the last two months, that is, precisely since the time when the Allies partially 'recognized' Kolchak on the condition of partitioning Russia. Kolchak has not accepted these proposals for partition, but owing to his dependence upon the Allies he was unable to send his refusal with that intense national pride which animates all true Russians, as it should animate all true Englishmen in case of a foreign friendly ultimatum to recognize the independence of Ireland, or true Frenchmen in the case of Savoy or Corsica. The Bolsheviki, masters in the art of propaganda, have immediately taken advantage of the Allies' mistakes (the last of a series) to inspire their troops with the watchword 'Russia for the Russians.' They spread the rumor that there were foreign ex-Allied exploiters refusing to democratic Russia those 'territorial rights emphatically recognized by them even during the Tsarist régime. The feeling was stirred up that such foreign exploiters should be crushed. The intruders who speculate upon Russia's present weakness, believing that she will become reconciled to be cut off from the seas, for which the Russian people have struggled for centuries, to the loss of the Caucasus, Bessarabia, Lithuania, the Baltic Provinces, Little Russia — why not White Russia too? — such friends must be driven from Russian soil.' Simultaneously the Germans, always active and insidious, lose no time in offering through the medium of 100,000 Russians cajoled in Berlin, a formal alliance, with restitution of pre-war frontiers in Europe and a Russian protectorate over the whole of Asia Minor, with the one condition — that Germany shall have the right to construct and to exploit the railways in the Russian protectorates.

In view of these proofs of the 'ferocious egotism' of the Allies in all that appertains to Russia, it can surprise nobody to learn that Russians, who are by no means dense, and who combine idealism with a practical turn of mind, feel the same necessity for the adoption of a policy of 'national egotism,' and that they demand of their leaders a policy, not of sentiment and abstract formulæ, but of real and patent advantage for the immediate benefit of the state.

Bolshevism at Moscow has become a matter of pure etiquette; in reality, according to the confession of the Bolsheviki leaders themselves, Russia is lost to Communism, and a terrible

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reaction is as inevitable as a natural phenomenon. All the elements of this reaction are ripe at Moscow. All that remains for the achievement of the Bocho-Bolshevist far-seeing plan now is to sign an alliance between Germany and the Russian reactionaries in order to put an end to the painful part of the comedy and to obtain the supply of men and material necessary for Russia's requirements. The Allies' attitude toward anti-Bolshevism is preparing the ground for a compact between the nationalist Germanophile reactionaries of Moscow and the nationalist Liberals of the borders hitherto Ententophiles. This can be brought about, on the one hand, by the guaranty of an amnesty to the Bolshevist *nouveaux riches;* and, on the other, by the passing over to Germanophilism of the Ententophiles who despair of ever seeing the Entente fulfil its obligations of humanity toward Russia. Such an agreement would certainly be to the external and internal detriment of the Entente, and would benefit Germany, who, by an alliance with Russia, would be enabled to recover in five years' time and to have her revenge on France without the action of a single Russian soldier to save Paris and Calais as in 1914. The threat of enslavement to Germany, by which the Allies think to retain Russia in the wake of their policy — a Russia who is no longer their ally since she was excluded from the Peace of Paris and absent from the festivities — is a menace which many Russians fear less than a new edition of an incompetent government of the Lvoff-Kerensky type, followed by new Socialistic experiments which the Allies might be inclined to impose upon Russia's rulers as an object-lesson to their Smillies and Cachins.

The truth must be faced as it is! Thanks in no small degree to the Allies, Russia has sunk to a lower level than Turkey before the war. She cannot rise without the aid of foreign organizations. The Germans are excellent organizers; they know Russia, and they love her as a rough, would-be husband loves the beauty whom he courts; they will not impose upon her a Socialistic policy; they will not 'save the revolution' through the medium of undesirables, but they will try to put Russia on her feet, technically, as soon as possible, for the mutual benefit of both countries, at a cost which will be less than the expense of the 'Socialistic experiments' which the Allies would perpetrate and perpetuate. The International Jew is at the root of this scheme, and therefore it has every chance of success. All its organs throughout the world would be ordered to praise the splendid achievements of German penetration into Russia. We cannot have sentimentality in politics. It is a well-known fact that Russians sympathize with French *entrain*, wit, and charm, and love Paris, and that the English, who have shown up best during the war, are gentlemen, and would be allies when once they have understood what is to be done, whom the Russians would whole-heartedly value. But, since the Allies have allowed themselves to be led by the 'Hidden Hand,' an influence which they themselves quite clearly realize, but which, for personal reasons, they leave unchecked, so that their Russian policy is nothing but a series of blunders, reverses, and disasters, Russia dare not reject a solid plank thrown out to her by her enemy Germany, having as the only alternative the vague hope that the Allied Dreadnought may, in the thirteenth hour, finally decide to launch a boat to see her drowning.

Such, at the present moment, is the reasoning of many Russians of all

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shades of political opinion, and it will become paramount and universal should Archangel be evacuated, and if the noble and faithful idealist-democrat Kolchak is exposed to the enemies of order in the rear, enemies encouraged by the Kerenskys, Avksentiefs and other petty politicians, to whom the Allies have offered hospitality, and whom they have even pampered to a certain extent for fear of offending their own social pro-Bolsheviki, and in the vain hope that democratic Russia will be for this duly grateful to them.

What is to be done? One of two alternatives. The first is to bow before the International pro-German organization which, not having succeeded in stultifying the war, has accomplished the ruin of the true peace, and which is planning to give to Germany the mandate to rebuild Russia, restoring International finance at Russia's expense, by which means Russia alone will be made to defray all the cost of the war otherwise to fall on the shoulders of the German partners of the 'Yellow Internationale.' The other alternative is, inspired by the great ideal of the war of Right above Might, to reinstate the Russian ally by publicly proclaiming her as such, and giving her all the necessary help in return for what she did in 1914 and 1916, when she saved the Cause — first, during France's peril; and, later, when Italy was going to be crushed. In that crisis Russia did not count her gains and losses, but took the risks without flinching and with generous gallantry. She showed herself at that time truly worthy of being a member of the League of Nations for the defense of Right — not so the Allies, whose selfishness toward her now prevents peace from becoming a reality. The first of these hypotheses — let us be frank — is the more probable, as without an heroic effort, attended by personal risks to many successful politicians, it will be impossible to shake off the 'Hidden Hand,' and this will involve the withdrawal of the Allied military contingents from Russia, and entail a German mediation between the reactionary Prussophile Bolsheviki and Kolchak for a peace on the basis of German influence, with the immediate transfer of Bolshevist activity from Moscow to Paris and London via Stockholm. Social revolution in the Allied countries during the coming winter might result from this neutral policy of their governments.

The second hypothesis would comprise the exposure of the entire activity of the 'Hidden Hand,' the cleansing of the Allied Governments of all elements favorable to this secret force, a declaration of war against Bolshevism wherever and whenever it may be found, and a formal alliance with the democratic government of Kolchak, involving assistance without reserve or condition. Endurance in the epic fight which anti-Bolsheviki in Russia carry on alone for the good of the whole of humanity has reached its limit. The Allies must not treat their patience and good will lightly. Is it possible that the Allied nations, keenly alive to the problems confronting them and the much-desired peace, are really incapable of counteracting internal Bocho-Bolshevist intrigue, which, playing on the wickedness and selfishness of certain ruling personalities and corrupting their governments, undermines the foundations, not only of a real peace, but the very existence of the Allies as independent self-respecting and respected nations? For what will become, first of all, of France if a *querelle d'Allemand* is thrust on her, and if Russia remains neutral, America being at war with Japan, and England fighting for India, Egypt, and Meso-

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potamia? And what would afterward be the fate of the British Empire as a whole? Victory implies moral and social responsibilities which are not less difficult to bear for lazy or tired states than defeats for proud nations. And in some respects victories are much more dangerous than defeats. The Allies are now in a more critical position than France was in 1872, because they are not the victims, but the responsible authorities for order and peace in Europe, Russia included.

The historic hour has come. Let true statesmen at last appear on the European stage! Without them the war for equilibrium, which is by no means won, will be definitely lost to the Allied cause. Let the great victorious generals forsake silence, and let them demonstrate to those whom they have led to victory how the work of moral reconstruction and political honesty should be carried out behind the front which is defending the cause of right, lest, after all, their victory become a mirage. This, in fact, is the secret aim of all pro-Bolsheviki and Bochophile Socialists in the Entente's political heart. Friends and former Allies, do not deceive yourselves; you have not too much time!

The National Review

A RECENT JOURNEY THROUGH RUSSIA

BY WILLIAM T. GOODE

My efforts to reach Moscow through Finland having failed, I was becoming disheartened, when two men, a Finn and a Dane, who were going to make the attempt to reach Moscow through Pskov, appeared on some Red Cross mission. Acquaintance was soon made, and after explanations they agreed to take me with them, the Finn, who spoke Russian admirably, acting as leader. Passes were obtained from both Esthonian and Russian high staffs and, papers being all in order, our luggage reduced to the smallest possible dimensions, a carefully selected stock of food laid in, we left Reval by night train on Sunday, June 30.

As passenger traffic is reduced to a minimum, trains are always uncomfortably crowded, but as far as Walk we secured a compartment which gave us the chance of a little sleep. From Walk to Petsheri we were packed in a third-class carriage overfull of workmen, peasants, and soldiers for the Pskov front. We managed to procure a little meal at Wörn, but the journey was tiresome in the extreme, and at Petsheri we were all turned out into the blazing sun to wait for an unconscionable time. It appeared that a military train was to be made up and also there was difficulty concerning a bridge farther on. All bridges had been blown up by the Bolsheviki in their retirement, and this particular one had only recently been made passable. Indeed, all along the line from Wörn to Pskov were shell holes from three-inch and six-inch guns, the marks of recent fighting.

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When the train did appear it was a military one of great Russian goods wagons, the floor fully five feet above the bare ground, into which we all scrambled as best we could — soldiers, men, women, and a priest who was hauled up in some miraculous way after the train had well started. We stood or squatted, or bumped and fell, as the fates decreed, but we were actually going at last. On the engines wood only is burned, the trains are extraordinarily long and heavy, and progress was slow. As we neared Pskov, after passing Izborski, one of the forward wagons took fire from an overheated axle, and when put out it was some time before the engine could get the train under way again, and at last when Pskov was in sight it gave out with a grunt and we all had to turn out, shoulder packs, and finish the journey on foot. This meant that by walking for some versts in the heat along the line we should arrive at the railway bridge over the Velika River and could cross to the town.

At the bridge we were met by a patrol, but our papers were accepted, and we went on the bridge. This is a long lattice-girder bridge, at least one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet above the river, and we went easily enough for two thirds of the distance, when we came quite unexpectedly on the last work of the Bolsheviki — the final span had been blown up and was lying in the river far below. Hurried efforts were being made to secure a temporary passage by balks of timber, and, encumbered by luggage, food, a coat, embarrassed by the wind, and tired out, I had the worst quarter of an hour for many years stepping over open lattice work of timber none too secure to get to the firmer exit beyond. On the Pskov side we found a little tram which ran us to the centre of the town, and after a couple of refusals we found a room and could deposit our baggage. After a meal of sorts our leader took our papers to the staff of the North Russian Corps, who promised facilities for getting round the Bolsheviki. It appeared they were working round a bunch of Bolsheviki, east and southeast of Pskov, and it was suggested that we should go for some distance along the line to Gatschina, then take horses to Novgorod, from whence we could take train to the Petrograd-Moscow main line and enter from there. Otherwise we should have to cross both White and Red lines twice. We accepted, and, tired out, went to bed.

On the morrow before going to the staff we explored the town. Pskov is a biggish, straggling town, purely Russian, unkempt and dirty. Streets are in very bad condition, and there were evidences of severe fighting, both during the war and recently. Besides the railway bridge another fine one, of similar construction, brings the high road from Riga right into the middle of the town. The last span nearest the market had been blown up and lies in fragments in the water. A floating bridge of wood maintains communication and leads directly into the market, a constant stream of people and country carts crossing both ways.

The soldiers of the North Russian Corps were the only indication of warfare, apart from damaged buildings, but very soon we had another evidence, for the general staff recanted, declaring they had received a telegram from the American Red Cross to stop us. This was a great shock, and a visit to the staff produced no results. It was not until too late that I learned that the offending telegram stopped only our leader, not the Dane nor myself, who might have proceeded. After another fly-infested night at Pskov we

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formed a plan. Taking advantage of the relations existing between the Esthonian and the Russian staffs, we sought out the former across the river. The chief, a delightful man, listened sympathetically, and in the end promised a lorry (an auto) in two hours to take us back on our tracks some thirty versts to Izborski, with recommendation to the staff there to help us, as we had decided to go to the farthest outpost of the Esthonian line, and cross to the Red line from there. Back we hurried to our room, packed and paid, and picked up an *isvostchik* at the end of the street. Being asked his price for the trip to the Esthonian staff, a little over a mile, he said forty rubles — and he got them, for on expostulation he merely remarked, 'Tell me what I can get for forty rubles here.' This was a shrewd remark. We had brought our own food, and were to a large extent independent, but townsfolk have a horrible time with food and prices.

The Esthonian colonel was as good as his word. A lorry was waiting, into which we packed our luggage and food. He gave us papers of recommendation, and off we started on a good broad, metaled road leading to Riga. With a little arrangement it was not too uncomfortable. The day was superb, and the vast plain of Western Russia spread out all around us. There is little forest land here, — none, in fact, for many versts, — the crop seemed enormous in extent and, in spite of somewhat light cultivation with tiny ploughs, fairly heavy. Our destination was Izborski village, where we found the staff lodged in a farmhouse by the roadside; credentials were presented and accepted, the commander promising all the aid he possessed. A meal had been prepared for the staff. He made us share it, and again we left in the same lorry, leaving a packet of cigarettes as a mark of gratitude — the only present at all worth making in a country where one bad cigarette costs four rubles. Two officers and six men accompanied us along a side road leading south to the Esthonian lines.

Palkina, our first stop, lies at the eastern end of a biggish lake, and here the staff was lodged in the village apothecary's house. Our arrival created something of a sensation. We soon learned that there might be difficulty in crossing to the Red country, some six versts ahead at Gribuchi, for there had been liveliness in operations, and our Esthonian friends expected a further attack that night. Men were sent forward to make inquiries; waiting was hard, but at last the officers secured three droshkies and drove us themselves as far as it was possible to go, taking along some of the men we had brought from Izborski. At Griboulka village the cavalcade stopped. Flags had been prepared and a piece of rope for slinging luggage secured. Screened by an outhouse we tied up our luggage on our backs, and in spite of having reduced our baggage to its lowest expression, with food and other things each man had a load of fifty to sixty pounds. Our Esthonian friends bade us adieu with warm wishes for success. Away on our left a machine gun had been playing and shots heard, but we had come so far and endured so much that we determined to make the crossing if possible.

The road led across a stretch of country absolutely nude of trees but cultivated, and some versts off we could see our destination — Gribuchi. The sun was dropping, and its blazing heat struck right into our necks, and the two versts were a painful experience, for once having started into the open it was fatal to think of stopping. We went side by side, flags flapping, the Red Cross in the middle; bent

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under our packs and sweating prodigiously. I don't remember any fear; so far as I was concerned the predominant feeling was a strangeness almost comical; laboring under a big pack, holding aloft a flag, with nobody in sight anywhere. At one point on the road it had been cut, and a small watercourse allowed to cross it, and on making our way round the obstruction we observed a small patrol of Bolsheviki coming out of the entrance to the village to meet us, and we jogged on at our best speed to meet them. They were three well-grown youths, well-nourished, armed, and equipped. They heard our story, saw our papers, and told us to come with them. In a few moments we were at the village entrance, through a wire entanglement, and stripping off our packs, sat down on the grass to cool. But the thing had been done! We had crossed the line and were in Bolsheviki country!

Hard by the men of the village made a small and intensely curious crowd till ordered away by the leader of the patrol; three, however, remained, whom we afterwards employed to carry our packs to the office of the staff. The patrol accepted cigarettes and chatted freely until we were a little rested and cooled, when we went off, preceded by our luggage-bearers. This proved a precaution for which I was devoutly thankful, for it was another two versts before we turned into the farmyard of the house which was the headquarters of this outpost. Upstairs, in an immense wooden chamber, low and dirty, were the commander and a number of men. In the barns and outhouses were the rest of the company. The officer was young and intelligent, the men, mostly of the peasant class, strong and hefty. All were well equipped, and in striking contrast to the couple of loungers who gave themselves up when, weeks before, I visited the Petsheri front. Attached to the officer was a young Jew, sturdily built, bronzed, and a great talker. At first I was afraid our story would not be believed, but the officer proved amiable, agreed to send us on to his battalion headquarters, gave us food, fresh eggs, bread, milk, and tea, and talked freely, though not so freely as the Jew commissary.

It was clear that crossing this part of the line was a novelty. The men crowded the room till it was suffocating; the officer suddenly appealed to them as *tavaristche* (comrades) and cleared the room, but he had to repeat the operation later on, for the men were as inquisitive as calves. I found it difficult to believe we were inside the Bolshevist lines. After the first moment of mistrust all treated us like friends, busied themselves in doing what they could for us, asked many questions about the opinion of the Bolsheviki held in the west, and as for the Jew, he talked incessantly the Communistic stuff to which we were accustomed.

Just before we left there occurred a thing that brought us face to face with realities with a run. An alarm was given, and in a few minutes from room, barns, and yard the men hurried to their positions — an excellent line of trenches about fifty yards from the village entrance. Hardly a quarter of an hour had passed when a group returned bearing a Bolshevist who had been shot in the foot. He had received first aid, but was writhing in pain and half fainting. In a few moments he was laid on a bed. The officer cheered and comforted him while another man bandaged foot and leg and prepared him for transport to some hospital, which must have been at Ostrov, some thirty-five or thirty-six versts farther south. It was all so sudden, attack, defense, result, that it gave us a shock.

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But it proved the excellence of the discipline, in spite of appearances. It was not allowed to delay our departure. We and our luggage were piled into a carriage, which the young Jew drove. He talked without stopping, but as *isvostchik* he was beneath contempt; and the horse expressed it by doing as he pleased.

In due time, skirting a large lake, we arrived at Novo Usitovo, the battalion headquarters, a church village with an observation tower. We were taken at once to the headquarters and put through a cross-examination by the two officers who commanded. These were students, charming fellows, pleasantly mannered, who were intensely interested in outside opinion and amused when they heard it. We were tired to death, but the village had no place where we could stay, and we had to reach Ostrov, the brigade headquarters, some thirty versts away. But before starting, at midnight, we were again given food,— an egg dish and tea,— put into three carriages with good horses, and a strong guard provided, because the officers said we must pass a forest in which there were hooligans and they wished us to be protected. As we left the house a guard of honor stood smartly at the salute, and the band played the International Hymn, at which all saluted. One of the commissaries made a brief speech to the men about us, to which all responded by hurrahs, and after a few bars of some other hymn we began a drive that seemed interminable. Thrice I nearly fell out of my droshky, dead with fatigue, and it was getting on for 4 A.M. before we drove over the cobbles of Ostrov station-town, over two more versts of road into Ostrov church-town, and found the headquarters staff, where another talk began which it was torture to endure. At length, quite late in the morning, we were given three makeshift couches. Too tired almost to sleep, it seemed a very short time before an orderly got us up, and after a hurried wash in the yard we were taken to a summer-house in a beautiful but wild garden, where two commissaries of the town — both Jews — gave us tea and bread and talked without intermission for two hours. At the end of that time two packs of provisions were given to us, containing three huge loaves of black bread, meat, materials for soup and *kasha* (gruel), butter, and sugar — enough, as it turned out, for seven men for many days, and we were put into an auto and driven to the station at Ostrov. A third-class carriage was put at our disposal, and four guards, cheerful, well-set-up, and well-behaved youths, who really proved a blessing later on, for they cooked for us, got us hot water for tea, water for washing, and generally were our most friendly attendants.

From Ostrov we journeyed south to Rezhitsa, a junction on a main line to Moscow, where we were given the choice of continuing our journey in our carriage or waiting for the once-a-day train to the capital. We chose the former, and after a long wait went on. But the engine was not wasted, for before we reached our farthest point, Veliké Luké, it was drawing a train of wagons of enormous length. The journey was long, for we did not do more than ten versts an hour, and again and again there were waits of fearful length, with shuntings and manœuvrings in order to make the most of the military traffic, which is ninety-five per cent of the traffic in the part of Russia we crossed. Bridges are guarded; even small viaducts of only a few feet long are watched if the position is dangerous; the great bridge immediately outside Ostrov is mined; patrols are at stations, where is also a

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commandant, often a commissary; and ordinary traffic is reduced to one train a day up and down, which is packed like an egg. Of other traffic there is much. Men, material, and guns are being moved, the immense Russian wagons being admirably adapted for transporting large numbers of men, and trains of twenty to thirty of these wagons plus carriages for cars, guns, and timber were common, while I saw one that contained at least eighty wagons and was nearly a mile long. Of passenger cars we saw few. They are evidently kept for the passenger traffic between the great towns, though some are kept as living rooms and offices for staffs and commissaries. Ours, though a third class, was in excellent condition and clean, and in the heat its bareness was acceptable.

Of good wagons we saw large numbers, mostly in fair condition, though some were broken and spoiled. But as far as I could see the greatest care is taken of the rolling stock, and at many stations repairing shops were at work. One huge train contained a complete breakdown outfit, apparently for use near the front. The permanent way was in perfect order, and trains moved smoothly and as quickly as their loads and the wood combustion would permit. Stations were all intact save the Ostrov station, which showed marks of fighting, and at one station between Rezhitsa and Veliké Luké a very large block, which had been either a locomotive shop or a goods yard, had been completely destroyed — a relic of the passage back and forth of Russian and German armies in the Great War. But the thing which is so evident in South Esthonia, shell holes, was absent.

At Veliké Luké our carriage was stationed a few yards away from the platform, and there we passed three days waiting for orders from Moscow respecting us. This place, Veliké Luké, is clearly one of the chief *étape* stations in the west. It is a railway junction, with the town some versts away, and a large camp of Letts along one of the lines in the neighborhood of the station. A couple of commissaries were living in a train on a line halfway between town and station, both of which were under military administration. The movement of troops was great all day long, coming and going, but mostly going to the western front. We had had experience of a field outpost, a battalion headquarters, brigade headquarters, and here of a divisional headquarters and great forwarding centre, so that we could form some estimate of the kind of men and organization at the disposal of the Soviet Republic. At Gribuchi outpost the men, thirty or more, were largely of the peasant and operative classes, the intellectuals being represented by twelve officers. All were in hard condition, well equipped and fed. The only point which struck me as abnormal was the free-and-easy discipline, though when the Esthonians made an attack all were ready for their positions in a few minutes, without comment.

At Novo Usitovo, the battalion headquarters, the number of men was large, probably two thousand and three hundred. They were of the same type, with the same equipment, and the battalion was in telephonic communication with the front and the brigade headquarters. On the Staff were more intellectuals of a very good type, and the discipline was of a stiffer kind. Neither outpost nor battalion appeared to lack anything. The battalion had guns in position, and it had even a band. Fresh food could be obtained from the farms — and horses too. We were twice given milk and eggs, and the bread was no worse than I had been eating in Esthonia, and of it the soldiers at any rate had enough,

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which in Russia means a great deal. One railway official told us that work was satisfactory, but that they, the railway officials, did not get sufficient bread. But such a statement must be taken in relation to the fact that a Russian will always eat bread when he can, and many live on little else.

Nor did I find that the people I saw in town and stations looked hunger-stricken. At Pskov food is indeed short and costly, but elsewhere, with exceptions, chiefly women and beggars, people were in decent fettle. At Gribuchi and Novo Usitovo it was clear that the army is well supplied. At Ostrov our relations were with the staff, we saw the town on the first occasion only as we drove through, and very little of the men. But if they could give to us strangers enough bread (three huge loaves), meat (veal), sugar (one pound loaf), onions, meal for kasha, cabbage, and seasoning for soup — sufficient for seven men for a week — it would not appear that they were suffering from scarcity.

At Veliké Luké I saw large numbers of conscript troops, and among them were many who looked wild and hooligan, but the types previously noted prevailed — the peasant and the operative. All were well equipped in the dust-colored Russian uniform with long boots. These latter seemed to be the weak point of the equipment, but it was generally those who were returning from the front who had broken boots. And this is the less of a drawback that, as soon as he is off duty, the soldier sheds his boots and goes barefoot, as so many millions of men, women, and children in Russia go all summer. Arms were in good condition, overcoats always passable, and minor articles of equipment generally present. A troop train had usually one wagon prepared as a field kitchen, with women cooks, but if the average Russian soldier can cook as well as our guards cooked for us, there is no fear in that quarter for the army of the Soviet Republic, while the excellent provision of boiler-houses at stations where hot water can be drawn by anyone provides a means of making tea, and is also a hygienic precaution.

Our stay in Veliké Luké came to an abrupt ending on Monday, July 7. We sought out the commissary in town, and he said he had received formal orders that we were not to proceed but to return to Ostrov. I attempted expostulation, but was politely yet firmly waved aside. Some misapprehension evidently existed, but the commissary refused to say from whom he had received the orders, though an under official who came to our carriage said they had come from the high staff in Moscow. Yet when later we saw the order for our removal it was signed by three commissaries of the Veliké Luké Soviet. I sent a telegram to Tchitecherin, hoping for his intervention, but the official said it would take three days to reach Moscow, and that if we were not away from Veliké Luké by 4 P.M., the hour of the train from Moscow, we would be sent before the tribunal.

Our guard of four were evidently equally surprised with ourselves at the turn events had taken, but we had no option but to submit. Later in the day two representatives of the Veliké Luké Soviet came to us, both Letts from Riga, one brown-bearded, good-looking, and urbane, the other a short, powerful as a bull, young soldier, who, I learned later, had been for two and one half years a prisoner of war in Germany. Conversation with them was fruitless; they were to accompany us to Ostrov, and deliver us up to the staff there. I had a little conversation later in German with the bearded gentleman, who was impressed and

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seemed even a little dismayed at the way I put things, but we were then under way, and all of us under orders, and nothing could be done but endure the discomforts of the car until we reached Ostrov. These two men showed no impoliteness, though they did not lay themselves out to impress by their polish, and our guards, by this time become quite friendly, cooked, procured us hot water, swept the carriage, and did all in their power to make the journey passable.

I think that engines must be the great difficulty of the railway administration. Again and again on these journeys we were stopped for hours while our engine was used elsewhere, and both on the journey out, at Rezhitsa, and returning, at Puitalovo, a big train was made up and attached to us, in spite of our 'special' character. Engines are of the usual enormous Russian type, they have nothing spick and span about them, but they are carefully handled and are in good working order. Wood only is burned and progress is very slow, but the immense military traffic in the west is well handled, and I saw nowhere any evidences of friction or insubordination among officials. Taking my own personal experience, which was considerable, into conjunction with what Alexinsky told me of the northern service, I came to the conclusion that Leonid Krassin, the Commissary of Communications, must be an able administrator who is making good headway against the heartbreaking condition in which the Russian railways were left — engines, rolling-stock, and roads — by the destruction and overwork of five years of war, while being forced to provide for demands of an internal defense against a ring of enemies.

We were again at Ostrov, detached from train, and put into a siding, awaiting the arrival of the Commissary of the Brigade. I hardly think he can have been informed of the happenings at Veliké Luké; he was genuinely surprised, and said it was a quick return. It was decided to keep us in Ostrov until answers to communication with Veliké Luké and Moscow should arrive, and quarters were being prepared. But it meant also two hours more of talk — some instructive, as when the younger Lett spoke with intense feeling of the hellish sufferings of the Russian prisoners of war in Germany; some aimless; and the weariness was overpowering. But at last we were taken to a widow's house and given a room and beds. She soon prepared tea and eggs, and then — the delight of lying down on a real bed after nine days in one's clothes on a hard wooden bench in a third-class railway carriage!

As we left our train to go to the staff I saw a curious incident. A long train for troops had been prepared and was standing on the line for Rezhitsa crowded with troops. The platform was crowded in one part with women and children, some sixty to eighty women sitting on the ground shrieking continuously at the top of their voices. These were the wives, mothers, and children of men who were leaving, and their grief was excessive — and Oriental. The noise made by their howling, for one can call it nothing else, was appalling, and even when the train left and they came out into the road they were in the very abandonment of grief. I had seen a single case of this kind at Veliké Luké, where a peasant woman raised this 'keening' over her husband, a lank fellow in peasant's clothes, who had been called up; but this was my first experience of a mass of this explosive feeling which seems to be quite in keeping with the character of the Russian peasant, but strikes a stranger oddly.

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We remain in Ostrov, prisoners of the Soviet. Two armed soldiers have guarded the place since our entry, one at the street door, the other outside our room. They are relieved from time to time, and yesterday's guard was quite friendly, spending the evening with us in the garden, where we are allowed to walk — but not in the town. A subordinate officer of militia, a sort of military police, who had been a stationmaster on the Murman Railway and had worked there with Americans, has visited us each day, to see that we lack nothing. He is agreeable, friendly, and wishes to be helpful. We have fed remarkably well, and indeed, considering the state of supplies, quite extraordinarily well. The secret of this transpired last night, when we discovered that the lady of the house had been supplied by the Commissary with money for all our needs. The position is embarrassing, but since the situation is none of our seeking we must submit, and make an effort to redress it when the order for movement in one direction or the other comes. (This was done, and we left the country of the Soviet with no obligation on our part.)

Our place of detention is the house of a well-to-do widow. It forms an enclosed block with the usual big gate into the 'dvor' or yard. On one side of the gate, the house; on the other, the wooden house of a servant. The 'dvor' contains outhouses and offices, all in good order, and opens on to a large enclosed garden, luxuriantly growing. The fruit trees are mostly old and unpruned, vegetables are growing in beds, the rest is wild grassplot, with a couple of seats in the shade of the apple trees. The house is not large, but comfortable; all living-rooms are on the first floor, well furnished, and clean. The husband of our involuntary hostess was a merchant. He had been imprisoned by the Bolsheviki, and, being consumptive, had succumbed. She herself had spent some months in prison. With her was a very good-looking Russian girl, whose father — a 'White' — had been killed by the Bolsheviki. They were of the bourgeois class, and had little love for Bolsheviki or Bolshevism. But they were living quietly in their own house, and though soldiers seemed to be billeted everywhere, and especially in large houses from which their owners had fled, I could discover nothing in Ostrov of the 'one man one room' practice which has been said to be in force elsewhere.

In our room, in the place of honor on the wall, was a good portrait of Trotsky, in a frame from which another portrait had been cut — the Tsar! She found us looking at this, and said, 'Don't think me Bolshevist because of that,' and as, before our arrival, commissaries had occupied the room, the portrait was explained — a sort of fire insurance. Her attitude reminded me of Pskov, where most of the houses displayed the white-crossed flag of the North Russian Corps, but had probably shortly before hung out the red flag of the Soviet. She accepts the present position as inevitable for the time being, but waits for the 'Whites' to return, and went so far as to say she expected them in a week. Peasants go about their work even in the middle of the fighting with incredible sang-froid — almost with apathy. They submit, sometimes a little resentfully, to the requisitioning of their horses and droshkies at untimely hours of the night, as at Gribuchi and Novo Usitovo. Occasionally one caught a hard, hostile look, and even a contemptuous 'These Bolsheviki,' but on the whole they seemed resigned and apathetic. I cannot imagine any of the peasants through whom we passed as rising either for or

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against Bolshevism, while here in Ostrov we were informed by one of our guards that all intellectuals are working for the Soviet. That can be easily explained when the necessity of food is considered in relation to the fact that supplies are in the hands of the Soviet. The fact of working for Bolsheviki does not necessarily make one a Bolshevist; it is in these cases a choice of evils.

On Wednesday, when the sun was at its highest, we were ordered to pack at once for leaving Ostrov and returning to Novo Usitovo. We paid up for everything and got on the road, but after four versts through magnificent crops were brought back by a despatch rider on a motorcycle. This return seemed hopeful, but on arriving for the third time in Ostrov, we found it arose from hesitation on the part of the Commissary. During our drive the *isvostchik* who drove my two companions talked freely. He was anti-Bolshevist, and offered to drive us right into Pskov. A train of troops was standing in the station as we passed, and he described the men as belonging to the 'Green' army, and said they were conscripts who had fled and hidden in the forests, but on the threat by the Soviet that their property and families would be held as hostages they had returned and joined up. This confirms precisely the story I had heard two months ago from the two Bolsheviki who gave themselves up at Petsheri.

On this same Wednesday evening a long military telegram was sent by our guards to Tchitcherin. It is doubtful if the divisional staff at Velini has not sent orders to detain us indefinitely at Ostrov — a most unpleasant prospect — but there is no more we can do; we must wait.

Later. — Still here in Ostrov, but our friend the ex-stationmaster came to say we can stroll round the market if we wish. The Dane and I jumped at the offer, and went there for an hour, unattended, till driven into the garden by the heat. The market is very large, with a church in the middle and the River Velika on one side and an arcaded bazaar on two others. The buildings are of the shabbiest description. They look forlorn and uncared-for, as indeed, the town does generally, and all the places we have yet seen. The only sound thing seems to be the shutters, iron bars, and padlocks that close up many of the bazaar shops. Most of the market is squatting on the ground, and all the contemptible trifles of the countryside are brought for sale, cheek by jowl with articles of home manufacture, good and serviceable.

Prices were very high; a small sickle, which it would be insulting to call only second-hand, was priced fifty rubles; tobacco, forty rubles the packet; cigarettes, sixty rubles for ten; fruit varies, and has gone down in price much during our stay; but other prices remain — for example, butter, eighty to ninety rubles per pound (four hundred grammes); bread, twenty-five rubles per pound; matches, seven rubles per box; meat, twenty-five to thirty rubles per pound; fish, sixteen to twenty rubles per pound; long boots, one thousand eight hundred rubles per pair; ordinary boots, one thousand five hundred rubles; clothes, three thousand to four thousand rubles for a suit; stockings for men, one hundred fifty rubles per pair; for a woman, two hundred fifty rubles.

A company of some two hundred cavalry, well mounted, had cantered into the market-place and were resting there. Some were Cossacks, some Chinese. Of Chinese infantry I had seen only three, but our urbane Lett told us that the Soviet Republic had large numbers of Chinese in its em-

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ploy, and told a gruesome story of mutual reprisals on each other practised in the South by Chinese and Cossacks.

Later in the day the same man came to us worn out with work at telephone and telegraph all day without result; but on Saturday morning he told us it was definitely settled we were to return. Time was given us to pack and get a hurried meal, horses were prepared, and once again we left Ostrov to go out of Russia. For me it was a heartbreaking experience: to be so near complete success and then to be turned back through no fault of my own. For the fiasco was due, as I believe, to the incredible perversity of our leader, to whom, as speaking Russian excellently, all negotiations and talk had been entrusted by the other two. I had discovered his folly at Rezhitsa and had refused to allow it to be continued, fearing the consequences, which quite naturally happened. With the excellent military organization we found everywhere at work it was inevitable that the discrepancy between his statements and the telegraphed reports would be noted and that trouble would ensue. The result to the Dane and myself was a tremendous shock, the greater that we counted for nothing in its cause.

Our return journey needs no description: it was as wearisome and dirty as the outward one, with the addition of a soreness of heart that I cannot express.

Of my whole journey I make little comment. It can speak for itself. Though a prisoner for nine or ten days, treatment was uniformly considerate, and I do not wish to meet more kindly people than the officers and men with whom we had to associate. The military and railway organizations are as perfect as conditions will allow. The system of communism is changing, and if resentment is shown, what government in the world can say that it causes no resentment among its subjects? Finally, my former impression has now become conviction — namely, that the Entente's policy of subsidizing a ring of enemies is not killing Bolshevism but stiffening and helping it.

The Manchester Guardian

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THE TRIAL OF THE HORSE

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

BRAHMA, the creator, was very near the end of his task of creation when a new idea struck him.

He sent for the storekeeper and said: 'O keeper of the stores, bring to my factory a quantity of each of the five elements. For I am ready to create another creature.' 'Lord of the universe,' the storekeeper replied, 'when in the first flush of creative extravagance you began to turn out such exaggerations as elephants and whales and pythons and tigers, you took no count of the stock. Now, all the elements that have density and force are nearly used up. The supply of earth and water and fire has become inconveniently scanty, while of air and ether there is as much as is good for us and a good deal more.'

The four-headed deity looked perplexed and pulled at his four pairs of moustaches. At last he said, 'The limitedness of material gives all the more scope to originality. Send me whatever you have left.'

This time Brahma was excessively sparing with the earth, water, and fire. The new creature was not given either horns or claws, and his teeth were only meant for chewing, not for biting. The prudent care with which fire was used in his formation made him necessary in war without making him warlike.

This animal was the Horse.

The reckless expenditure of air and ether, which went into his composition, was amazing. And in consequence he perpetually struggled to outreach the wind, to outrun space itself. The other animals run only when they have a reason, but the horse would run for nothing whatever, as if to run out of his own skin. He had no desire to chase, or to kill, but only to fly on and on till he dwindled into a dot, melted into a swoon, blurred into a shadow, and vanished into vacancy.

The Creator was glad. He had given for his other creatures' habitations — to some the forests, to others the caves. But in his enjoyment of the disinterested spirit of speed in the Horse, he gave him an open meadow under the very eye of heaven.

By the side of this meadow lived Man.

Man has his delight in pillaging and piling things up. And he is never happy till these grow into a burden. So, when he saw this new creature pursuing the wind and kicking at the sky, he said to himself: 'If only I can bind and secure this Horse, I can use his broad back for carrying my loads.'

So one day he caught the Horse.

Then man put a saddle on the Horse's back and a spiky bit in his mouth. He regularly had hard rubbing and scrubbing to keep him fit, and there were the whip and spurs to remind him that it was wrong to have his own will.

Man also put high walls round the Horse, lest if left at large in the open the creature might escape him. So it came to pass, that while the Tiger who had his forest remained in the forest the Lion who had his cave remained in the cave, the Horse who once had his open meadow came to spend his days in a stable. Air and ether had roused in the Horse longings for deliverance, but they swiftly delivered him into bondage.

When he felt that bondage did not suit him, the Horse kicked at the stable walls.

But this hurt his hoofs much more than it hurt the wall. Still some of the plaster came off and the wall lost its beauty.

Man felt aggrieved.

'What ingratitude!' he cried. 'Do

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I not give him food and drink? Do I not keep highly-paid men-servants to watch over him day and night? Indeed he is hard to please.'

In their desperate attempts to please the Horse, the men-servants fell upon him and so vigorously applied all their winning methods that he lost his power to kick and a great deal more besides.

Then Man called his friends and neighbors together, and said to them exultingly — 'Friends, did you ever see so devoted a steed as mine?'

'Never!' they replied. 'He seems as still as ditch water and as mild as the religion you profess.'

The Horse, as is well known, had no horns, no claws, nor adequate teeth, at his birth. And, when on the top of this, all kicking at the walls and even into emptiness had been stopped, the only way to give vent to his feelings was to neigh.

But that disturbed Man's sleep.

Moreover, this neighing was not likely to impress the neighbors as a pæan of devotion and thankfulness. So Man invented devices to shut the Horse's mouth.

But the voice cannot be altogether suppressed so long as the mistake is made of leaving any breath in the body. Therefore a spasmodic sound of moaning came from his throat now and then.

One day this noise reached Brahma's ears.

The Creator woke up from his meditation. It gave him a start when he glanced at the meadow and saw no sign of the Horse.

'This is all your doing,' cried Brahma, in anger to Yama, the God of Death. 'You have taken away the Horse!'

'Lord of all creatures!' Death replied: 'All your worst suspicions you keep only for me. But most of the calamities in your beautiful world will be explained if you turn your eyes in the direction of Man.'

Brahma looked below. He saw a small enclosure, walled in, from which the dolorous moaning of his Horse came fitfully.

Brahma frowned in anger.

'Unless you set free my Horse,' said he, 'I shall take care that he grows teeth and claws like the Tiger.'

'That would be ungodly,' cried Man, 'to encourage ferocity. All the same, if I may speak plain truth about a creature of your own make, this Horse is not fit to be set free. It was for his eternal good that I built him this stable — this marvel of architecture.'

Brahma remained obdurate.

'I bow to your wisdom,' said Man, 'but if, after seven days, you still think that your meadow is better for him than my stable, I will humbly own defeat.'

After this Man set to work.

He made the Horse go free, but hobbled his front legs. The result was so vastly diverting that it was enough to make even a frog burst his sides with laughter.

Brahma, from the height of his heaven, could see the comic gait of his Horse, but not the tragic rope which hobbled him. He was mortified to find his own creature openly exposing its divine maker to ridicule.

'It was an absurd blunder of mine,' he cried, 'closely touching the sublime.'

'Grandsire,' said Man with a pathetic show of sympathy, 'what can I do for this unfortunate creature? If there is a meadow in your heaven, I am willing to take trouble to transport him thither.'

'Take him back to your stable!' cried Brahma in dismay.

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'Merciful God!' cried Man, 'what a great burden it will be for mankind!'

'It is the burden of humanity,' muttered Brahma.

Calcutta Review

LORD GREY, SHAKESPEARE, MR. ARCHER, AND OTHERS

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Now that Lord Grey has been sent to the United States to represent us there, I am moved by Mr. Robert Dell's allusion to me to declare that though I have called the policy of our Foreign Office during Lord Grey's secretaryship a Machiavellian policy, I do not regard Lord Grey as a Machiavelli. I heartily wish he were. I think Mr. Dell has hit him off very accurately, except that when an English country gentleman is so 'simple-minded' that he never knows what he is doing, and can, therefore, at any moment assure the country in all honor that he is not doing it, his simplicity is not of the kind called holy.

I should not myself have sent Lord Grey to America, or even, since our successes in the East, to Jericho. As an English country gentleman, Lord Grey regards Americans as outsiders, and Tsars as insiders. He made that clear in his dealings with Mr. Morgan Shuster. He may have been right. But that is not the point, which is, that as our relations with America are extremely delicate just at present, and likely to become more so, and as the Americans do not regard themselves as outsiders (possibly again quite wrongly), the appointment of Lord Grey is hardly the masterpiece of tact it has been hailed as by the British press.

As to what Lord Grey will do in America, which is, after all, the important thing, he will be well received in American society. The conscious part of him will respond very agreeably to these attentions; and his speeches will be reassuring and quite intelligent and pleasant. And the unconscious part of him will fall into the hands of whoever the Japanese equivalent of Isvolsky may be, and will manœuvre for a strangle-hold on our most formidable rival now that Germany is disposed of. What else is there for Lord Grey to do, with his official traditions, and his instincts as 'a simple-minded country gentleman'?

Now if there is one point more than another at which the Americans mistrust and dread our old diplomacy it is the Japanese point. The *Einkreisung* is too obvious. You will never persuade the American diplomatists that Lord Grey has not a secret treaty with Japan in his pocket. And that is why I would not have sent Lord Grey to America.

I shall be asked, I suppose, whom I would send instead of Lord Grey, the implication being that he is the only diplomatist in the Empire. I reply, precisely and without a moment's hesitation, that I should have sent Mr. H. L. Mackinder. Not so much because he is a man of ability so distinguished that he may be classed as one of our few geniuses, because that fact is indiscernible in the House of Commons, which is as unconscious of his being anyone in particular as it was for thirty years of Lord Rhondda. I should send him because he knows that North and South America are only a couple of perilously situated islands, and that it is dangerous for us to tomfool with island security.

And now for a cheerful change of subject to my friend Mr. Archer, who, by being reasonable while Mr. Drinkwater and I and Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Poel and the rest of us, have, as Mr. Archer rightly puts it, abjured the

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exercise of reason, produces an impression of entire and perfect madness. One imagines Mr. Archer at an orchestral concert remonstrating with the audience. 'What went ye out for to see? Here is a man on a platform waving a stick threateningly at a herd of slaves in evening dress, who frantically swallow and regurgitate lengths of brass tubing, clash brass disks, thump the parchment covers of monstrous jampots, and rub pieces of wood together like the Swiss Family Robinson trying to light a fire, to no apparent purpose but the combination of an unseemly spectacle with a deafening din. Is this good sense? Have you eyes? What do you mean by it?'

Mr. Archer has not done full justice to his own criticism of Shakespeare. He says very truly that it is not common sense to play Shakespeare at full length. But it is not common sense to play Shakespeare at any length. It is not common sense to act plays at all: before such an absurdity is possible the actors and the audience have to make a tacit compact that good sense is dethroned. Where is our common sense in pretending that Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson is the Prince of Denmark when the very paper in our hand tells us expressly that he is Forbes Robertson, and when we would walk out of the theatre if it told us that he was really Hamlet, who was only an amateur? Even if you agree to let this go, and only resume the exercise of your reason on minor points, what common sense is there in a melancholy Dane speaking English, and blank verse at that. Look at the man he addresses as father! Are ghosts common sense? Is Elsinore in Shaftesbury Avenue?

Fancy a man devoting forty years of his life to witnessing such lunacies, and writing grave articles in the papers discussing whether they are done efficiently or not! Such a man exists. His name is William Archer. And it is William Archer who lectures me for my want of common sense!

When I said that I had seen Ibsen cut to the bone by Mr. Archer, I should, perhaps, have mentioned that there is such a tremendous lot of bone in Ibsen that the phrase suggests more cutting than the actual operation involved. One of my early lessons in the erroneousness of cutting was a comparison of the first act of *The Wild Duck*, reasonably and sensibly cut by Mr. Archer, and a subsequent senseless performance of it at full length by Mr. Charles Charrington at the old Opera Comique. Mr. Archer declares that I am in principle and by habit a liar for saying that he cut it, and then goes on to explain that the cuts were only little ones. I confess that I am not quite convinced of the accuracy of Mr. Archer's memory; but I hope he is right, as nothing could strengthen my case more than a demonstration that the cuts which made such an astounding difference were in mere bulk so trifling that it is disingenuous of me to call them cuts at all. The impression produced on me was that about half the first act had been omitted, and that the play never really got on its legs after this act of mayhem. If I am wildly wrong, and Mr. Archer's recollection is accurate, then all I can say is that I will never again consent to the omission of even half a comma from any play whatever. Let me add that I shall not be surprised if Mr. Archer is right. It is amazing how a play can be altered and defeated by the omission of passages so slight that the author himself, failing to recapture the moment in which he wrote them, becomes a party to their slaughter. Mr. Archer is full of praise for Mr. Bridges Adams's Stratford uncut productions. Why does he think that the effect would

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have been improved by cutting? If he looks up some of his notices of heavily-cut performances in the past he will miss the note of genuine artistic satisfaction which rings in the article which began this controversy in your columns.

When Mr. Archer says that the lines about the sneaping winds are 'wholly incomprehensible to any human being,' he tells a whopper so stupendous that the writing of it becomes a heroic gesture. Even of that individual human being called William Archer it is not true. I take the privilege of old friendship, and tell Mr. Archer that he knows as well as I do, or as Mr. Drink-water does, that the lines mean quite plainly and unmistakably, 'If I don't go home and look after my kingdom, I shall be getting all sorts of alarmist stories; and what 's more, they will very likely be true.' But even if the line meant nothing, its cadence is so familiar and charming that Mr. Archer might just as well cut two bars out of a Mozart symphony as omit it. It is an exact echo of

> That nightly lie in those unproper beds
> Which they dare swear peculiar.

Mr. Archer has an ear for verse; he has written some himself; and in his great work of translating Ibsen for us, which in any less barbarous country would be nationally acknowledged by a princely pension, the peculiar quality of his version, which so many brilliant writers have derided only to fail hopelessly when they tried their own hands, is produced entirely by a curious northern music which he has instinctively put into his phrases. I do not know whether he has ever heard idiots abusing his translations. I have; and the point they missed was exactly the point he is missing in Shakespeare.

The Nation

THE NEXT WAR, À LA MODE

After Mess, over the port, the time comes to talk of many things — War Office imbecility, brighter cricket, Bolshevism, theatres and sometimes the recent war.

'What was wrong with the war,' said the Adjutant, 'was its incessant din. Either a Hun heavy or a brass-chested drill-sergeant on the ramp; either a mine or a bugler misusing the breath of life.'

'What do you propose to do about it, anyway?' asked a junior.

'Ah! m' lad,' said the Adjutant, 'you think the gentleman has n't anything up his sleeve but his arm. Well, he has. The spouters have rigged up their League of Nations — good luck to it! But I feel a wee bit doubtful about eternal peace, so I 'm preparing to make the next war worth fighting in by founding the L.S.S.'

'Legion of Sanitary Squadsmen?' asked the junior.

'Don't be funny,' said the Adjutant. 'No, the League of Silent Soldiers.'

Even the junior held his peace while the Adjutant paused to light his cigar, for the Adjutant's after-dinner schemes are famous.

'When the L.S.S. gets a grip,' said the Adjutant, 'war will be a rest-cure; doctors will prescribe it for neurotics. Start at the beginning. Wash out words of command. Do everything by gesture. Only the dumb employed as instructors. For "form fours" just the Sergeant's four fingers, carefully manicured, upstretched. Pretty to watch — *and* intelligible.'

'Squad drill is bound to breed noise,' said the Adjutant's assistant.

'Domes of silence on every boot,' said the Adjutant, 'and any man who makes his eyeballs click would have 'em taken out and lined with cotton wool.'

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'How about brass bands?' asked someone.

'Adored by the public,' replied the Adjutant, 'so we 'll retain them, but only for funerals, sports and National Anthems. Delete bugles altogether. Turn 'em into ploughshares. Rid God's earth of a pest.'

'You 've got to get the men to show a leg of a morning,' said the junior, 'and stop their noisy snoring.'

'They 're not all hogs like you,' said the Adjutant. 'Anyway that 's easy. Instead of bugles we 'll have trained soldier-choristers. For Reveille, "Christians, awake," *con spirito*. For Tattoo, "Good-night, good-night, beloved," *diminuendo* and *rallentando*. For Lights Out a sort of Sevenfold Amen. Most elevating for the troops.'

'Tell us about war,' said the Major; 'so far it 's all peace time.'

'The impatience of Field Officers! I said "start at the beginning,"' replied the Adjutant. 'However — the gory field of battle will be revolutionized. Why gory? Let 's make the thing a test of silent self-control. As a child, many years ago (to the junior) you must have played at "Staring out" with your little sister. You may even play it still — with someone else's sister. My idea is to set our own and enemy companies face to face for a staring match. The man who outstares his *vis-à-vis* will take him off as a souvenir. Convincing proof of superior morale.'

'Too slow,' said the Bombing Officer. 'All right for sitting out at a dance, but men like action and movement.'

'I don't expect a rowdy grenadier to approve of the L.S.S.,' said the Adjutant. 'Still, I grant your point. To meet it we might allow handball matches with air-balloons, either side disturbing the peace by popping a balloon to be fined a platoon. Action and movement by all means. I don't care if we have sack races across No Man's Land.'

'Guns?' asked someone.

'Another slave to convention,' observed the Adjutant; 'but we must allow for a strong prejudice in favor of guns. We 'll permit them, but only for purposes of ornament — say as a centrepiece of a fountain outside G.H.Q. Either side making "shoot — bang — fire" noises to be fined a division, and suspended from the war for a fortnight.'

'What about my branch?' asked the Musketry Officer.

'You are rather a problem,' said the Adjutant; 'somehow, war without rifles would be farcical. Tell you what; if you can adapt your rifles and machine-guns to, say, throwing cool and refreshing spray over our troops in hot weather, you may keep 'em, otherwise you had better get in touch with the Ex-Officers' Employment Bureau forthwith.'

'Aerial warfare?' asked someone.

'Glad you mentioned that,' said the Adjutant, 'because I 'm rather in love with my scheme. The L.S.S. would not discourage aviation — of course with engines silenced. No more nasty showers of hell-raising bombs, though, to catch you without your umbrella. Airmen would drop bouquets of artificial roses and be paid in the shape of prisoners for skill in craftsmanship, to be judged by a committee of horticulturists from neutral States.'

'Tanks?' was the next query.

'The very look of 'em is loud,' said the Adjutant. 'Instead of tanks we 'll have carnival cars *à la* November 9th. Prizes of *Kamerads* according to artistic merit. Ex-Lord Mayors and their ladies to adjudicate.'

'Would the navy come in?' asked someone.

'The "Silent Navy"? Obviously,' said the Adjutant. 'Naval supremacy

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would be settled by yacht racing. It might be incorporated with Cowes. Think how Wilhelm would have loved it — unless he were beaten.'

'What would your League say to conscription?' asked the Major.

'That question simply would n't arise,' said the Adjutant. 'You don't compel men to take a summer holiday. All L.S.S. wars would be summer shows. We should wait for the glass to reach "set fair." Imagine it. A picnic tea in a beautiful French *bois*, with a happy enemy just over the way doing ditto; aircraft skimming silently through the blue and showering down perfumed bouquets! Hold me down or I shall become lyrical. War would be a gentleman's pastime. War under present conditions is a ——. After you, sir, with that match.'

'What do President Wilson and Lord Northcliffe say about it?' asked the Major.

'The only incomplete point in my scheme,' said the Adjutant; 'I have n't asked them yet.'

Punch

OLD COUNTRIES AND NEW

BY LORD CHARNWOOD

In setting down some notes upon a theme, well worn of late, namely, the full understanding which should exist — for the whole world's welfare requires it — between our own country and the United States, and in confining those notes almost entirely to some observations on the United States, I would yet begin by protesting that this subject can only be rightly viewed as a part of a larger subject — that of intelligent and cordial relations between the old countries and the new countries which are joint inheritors of the highest European civilization. We cannot have, and we do not desire to have, with America that kind of friendship which rests on any sort of exclusiveness. It is not Englishmen only but Frenchmen who find the superficial manifestations of American character and sentiments puzzling; and it is not of England specially but of modern Europe that Americans, to judge by some utterances, are apt to cherish strange misconceptions. English people moreover should not forget how large a part in the future of the world seems to be held in store for those young nations, much younger than the United States, which are included like ourselves within the bond of the British Empire. Widely as the Overseas Dominions differ from one another and from the United States, similar causes in each case make it easy for us to misconceive and undervalue them. My concern here is only with the United States, but the reader may be safely left to draw, from whatever may be worth his attention in what follows, analogies bearing on the case, which interests us yet more closely, of the nations still standing on the threshold of nationhood which the United States crossed long ago, but retaining and likely to retain the same allegiance as ourselves.

I have spoken of the United States as a new country. In a way it is well to remember that the epithet 'new' so applied is in some respects misleading and absurd. The United States as a national power is of course older than the Kingdom of Italy, still older than the late German Empire. The American Constitution of to-day is a little older than the real working British Constitution of to-day, however much the antiquity King, Lords, and Commons, severally, may disguise this fact. The American nation moreover has by now a sufficient length of history behind it — of history peculiarly rich in romance, in dramatic

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events, and in heroic figures — to do away with any sense on the part of others that its life lacks the background of antiquity, and if it lives in a constant state of transition, so too is it with ourselves. But in one sense the word 'new' applied to the United States stands for an important fact — a fact common to them and to the Overseas Dominions. Their political and social community was the creation of a number of men who came together in a field theretofore untrodden by their race, steeped as individuals in the traditions of an older community, but surrounded, then and thenceforward to this day, by circumstances wholly unlike those which have ever prevailed in any country of Europe. Therefore the untraveled Englishman or Frenchman who wishes to understand America has to perform two initial efforts. He must once for all imagine vividly the difference of circumstances which all along has governed or conditioned the development of America. He must then recognize, as then alone he can, the persistence in the American Commonwealth of very old and very venerable things — the creation, in the main no doubt of its English progenitors, but influenced in marked degree by ideas which had their origin in France. Thus, and thus only, he will begin to see the things which may first have struck him about America in their true setting and perspective. As he does so, things which may at first have repelled him are likely to fill a smaller space in his vision; things which have stirred his affection or even enthusiasm may become the chief associations of the word America in his mind. Anyhow America is a country — not a region of space — and a country which it is impossible to regard with neutral or lukewarm feelings.

Among those conditions of American life to which I have just referred, the most important historically is the persistent influence of the frontier. It is easy for English people to imagine individual life on the confines of civilization, since the British Empire has more frontiers to it than any other state that ever existed, but, living as we normally do in this crowded and fully developed island, it needs effort for us to realize the collective effect of this condition upon a society of which, from the beginning till a very recent date, a large and very vigorous portion has lived upon what still was, or had been yesterday, the frontier. Frontier life involved a certain enforced equality; it meant for all, prevalent hardships and frequent calls upon resourcefulness and exertion; it meant for the great mass, the fair promise of solid prosperity: for a considerable number, the chance of enormous gains, or of a corresponding failure which had in it a certain element of picturesqueness or romance. It meant a high standard of individual independence and competence, a general indifference to a government which, as a rule, was apt to be remote and only spasmodically efficient, but it meant too, in the presence of occasional danger, the power of sudden, irresistible, and sometimes tyrannical combination. It meant the tolerance of much that was both novel and crude, and the slightly unreasonable veneration of such established things as could be conserved. It involved that preoccupation of the strongest minds and of the public generally with problems which could be stated in dollars, which resulted in the delusive phenomenon once known both in America and in Europe as American materialism. In a thousand particulars it carried with it what may be best described as the absence of a high general standard in judging of all sorts of things, from a

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steam engine to a sermon, and from a boiled egg to a poem.

And all the while it preserved, and in preserving continuously developed, high types of manhood and of womanhood, cherishing 'things true, pure, lovely, and of good report,' not less discerningly than was common with us, nor any less passionately, but probably more so.

It would not be very hard in a lengthy treatise to exhibit the surprising potency of this frontier influence and of other influences — more especially that of vast distances — which can barely be glanced at here. It is enough to say that though frontier life has gone, other influences somewhat analogous continue or even increase. America is still a country with vast resources very imperfectly developed. It is still a country whose settled inhabitants (with several generations of American citizenship behind them) are incessantly being invaded by immigrant hordes, formerly of a stock not widely remote from their own, latterly of every people, nation, and language in Europe. The problem, present from the first, has become of late more difficult than ever — that of digesting into the American Commonwealth, when its own life had hardly yet taken settled shape, these huge alien masses. To realize the difficulties with which the now great nation has had to wrestle in its growth, is to feel at once that what have been reckoned as its glaring defects are natural; but it is a good deal more. It is to begin to see in them something very insignificant, and to see in the building of the American nation one of the most interesting and cheerful pages in human history.

This is but a hint. I shall not trace in detail the outcome of natural conditions in the characteristic weakness of America and Americans. It is better to remember that we have corresponding weaknesses ourselves which need to be similarly explained to Americans — and to 'Colonials.'

On one point it may be well in passing to speak bluntly. I am not well acquainted with the alleged boastfulness of Americans; I have more often met with their modesty; but I conclude that some people both here and in France have had a different experience. I venture to assert that the unduly aggressive American in Europe has come here under a delusion, which seems strange to us, that Europeans will dislike or slightly despise him for being an American. He may of course be of the species 'bounder,' which is plentiful in all civilized lands, but he is often an ingenuous person who needs to be put at his ease, who feels very far from home and would very much like a little sympathy. Moreover while in some ways Americans may think too much of the greatness of their country, it is really a more serious defect that in other ways they are not enough aware of it.

But enough of this question of defects. America as a nation has a peculiar greatness quite other than that which the untraveled Englishman or Frenchman would impute to it. It is not solely the greatness of mechanical and business efficiency — indeed in these respects Americans may not be so eminent as we often suppose — but it is that of a country in which quiet but strenuously devoted movement in all the more important directions of progress — moral, intellectual, in a word spiritual — is more widely stirring than it appears to be in any other country of the world. It matters relatively little that few American places of learning have quite the standard of general attainment which exists in the universities of the Old World (or perhaps those of Canada);

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it matters much that they are striving after it, that meanwhile a vastly greater proportion of their people come within the influence of learning, and that an unusual harmony between the liberal and the merely technical studies is beginning to appear. It matters little that snobs and *nouveaux riches* are as common and conspicuous in America as with us; it matters much that over far the greater part of the country there prevails a greater equality and ease of approach between man and man, based on self-respect and respect for others, than in any other large human society. The puzzling peculiarities of American politics matter little beside the relative security that, in the long run and in the largest matters, 'the common sense of most' is going to prevail. It matters little that there lingers in America a certain flavor of cant of which the excessive iteration of the word 'idealism' may seem to Europeans symptomatic; it matters much that the aspiration to build a new human society founded on human right was genuinely present with the chief of the American 'fathers,' that it never quite died out, and possesses probably a more sane and powerful driving force to-day than ever before.

Our impoverished peoples may look with a certain natural repining on the dominant position which for the future seems assured to the nation which entered last into the fight for human right and, however devotely it entered, emerged from it hardly scathed. But is the huge power which for a while at least resides in that nation a menace to the world, as German power was and as French and even English power has at times seemed likely to become? It needs but little acquaintance with America to assure us that about that we need not worry ourselves at all. The country of which this can be said is entitled to pride itself on a hitherto unexampled form of glory, due indeed in great measure to the singularly favoring circumstances under which it has grown, but due none the less to the persistent cherishing by faithful persons in America of a great tradition.

The Anglo-French Review

SOME MEMORIES OF THE RUSSIAN COURT

BY MARIE, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

It is not as a judge that I wish to speak of the Tsar Nicholas II, late sovereign of all the Russians, but as a relative and friend, for I am of his blood and his race. Cruelly stricken myself, by the great modern tragedy, I feel it my duty to speak with kindness of a man whom I consider as a martyr, especially in these hours when the official world does not rise to defend him.

Is there a more tragic fate than to have possessed all, to have been placed as high as a man could be, to have had the power for good or evil put between one's hands and then not to have been able to do anything with it, not to have known how to guide a great country which was trembling with a desire to advance toward the light! The Tsar's name alone electrified millions of beings. He was at the same time a despot, a symbol, and the head of the Church; and also 'the little father,' a mystic being who belonged to everyone, a kind of household god familiar to all, the very keystone of the immense Empire. This power, this immense force which he really controlled, came to him in youth when he had all his life before him for the realization of his ideals, for the seeking of the light. But in a time in which all effort points toward progress he could

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only retreat. Therein lies the tragic element — the secret of his downfall — his fault, his very great fault.

Nevertheless, Nicholas II had high aspirations. He desired passionately the happiness of his giant people. His heart was tender and kind; he inclined toward all that was great and good. If he had been well surrounded, counseled by the right kind of men, and married to a clear-seeing woman with large views and modern ideas, who would have pushed him ahead instead of drawing him back, he might have become an immense instrument for the good of his people.

The exterior circumstances of his life are known. I shall not repeat them. I prefer to call forth more intimate visions, more personal souvenirs, images which my eyes have seen, emotions which have had their echo in my heart. Our roads did not often cross, but we were closely related and I knew the Tsar from my earliest childhood. My mother was the only daughter of the Tsar Alexander II.

The court of Russia was certainly one of the most brilliant in Europe. My mother came from it and as long as I can remember, all which pertained to this court possessed, in my childish eyes, an extraordinary prestige, a particular radiance to which nothing else could be compared. The Tsar was the central figure, as if the whole world turned about his mystic presence. Even to-day a kind of superstitious terror takes hold of me when I recall the atmosphere which surrounded the Tsar of all the Russias. I see again immense palaces, infinite numbers of soldiers and courtiers, large silent corridors with guards in bizarre uniforms, and before the doors, giant Cossacks in red robes, of savage aspect, with belts stuffed with pistols and daggers, and wearing huge fur bonnets on their heads. A special odor prevailed in these imperial dwellings, a strange mixture of turpentine and Russia leather which I have never found anywhere else. Drawn up before the portal, the great carriages waited; the bearded coachmen draped in their long surtouts of blue cloth busy quieting with their voices the splendid 'Orlof' horses who impatiently scraped the pavement, shook their long manes and swept the earth with their long tails. The horses were generally black, but often their golden flanks gleamed like cuirasses polished in the sun — some were white spotted with gray.

In these visions of Russia of the past, churches, chapels and priests hold a great place. I remember the marvelous chants rising toward the vaulted cupolas; the voices rich in profound sonorities, rising like bells of bronze above the silence in supernatural harmony. I see the shining gold and the precious stones; I see the splendor of the old icons and giant columns of precious porphyry and malachite. And in the shadows made luminous by the flame of many candles, I see the priests, young and old, in heavy vestments of gold brocade, performing strange rites which filled with terror my youthful imagination. The older men have snowy beards and long hair, but the younger ones recall strikingly the image of the Son of God, even as he is painted on the Russian icons. Their voices trouble my heart, while clouds of perfumed smoke rise from the censers.

And I see an infinity of faces; very beautiful women crowned with magnificent tiaras, almost bent under the weight of their jewels; and close by them very tall men in uniform, some smiling, some of severe visage, but one and all profoundly absorbed in the divine service, kneeling often, bowing their foreheads and, with contrite gestures, making a large sign of the cross.

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My first memory of Nicholas II—or Niky, as we all called him—goes back to the time when he was but a boy. He was somewhat timid, with good gray-blue eyes, dreamy and preoccupied, with red lips which seemed formed for words of kindness. I think I see him still, clothed in the white summer uniform, come toward us down the long wooded avenue of his summer dwelling. I see him mounted on a Cossack horse whose long tail almost trails on the ground. A dozen Russian wolf-hounds follow him, jumping at the head of the horse, wandering through the trees, supple and gracious like legendary animals, their eyes fixed upon the blonde youth who looks forward to so formidable a heritage. After the few words which he addresses to the other children, he goes away at a gallop and we follow him with our eyes hoping to see him return, to hear him speak again, to feel him looking at us with his dreamy eyes, so good, so caressing.

In 1894, Alexander III died, and Nicholas ascended the throne. He was only twenty-six years old, and some weeks later he married Alice, Princess of Hesse, a very beautiful and very serious girl, who took the name of Alexandra when she became converted to the Orthodox religion.

I see again Nicholas at his coronation, at the moment of his greatest glory, at the height of his earthly power: the unique moment in which he stood before his people, the incarnate symbol of all which the Tsar then personified in the eyes of the great empire.

Those days of the coronation return to me in a series of images whose sumptuosity is fantastic. One saw all that exterior pomp rising from power in this world, and inherited from generation to generation, mingling with that mysticism inherent in everything in Russia. The young and beautiful Empress appears to me as impressive as the Tsar; both seem detached from mortality; one might have thought them two divinities whom great and small asked only to exalt. How well I see them both in their solemn entry into Moscow, the old legendary city in which the Tsars have always been crowned, in which to-morrow the sacred sign of power will be placed upon their heads, amid pomp and prayer, for good or for evil!

Principal figure of all the procession, Nicholas goes down the street on a large white horse. He does not appear in sumptuous garments, but wears the deep green uniform in which we are accustomed to see him, on his head the narrow round astrakhan toque which is characteristic of the Russian army. His breast is crossed by the blue ribbon of St. Andrew; the precious stones of the great orders sparkle upon the somber cloth of the garment. There is nothing magnificent, nothing very imposing either in his costume or his aspect. Once more we see the same dreamy eyes, the same friendly lips, which we had known as children—those lips formed only for friendly words. One does read, however, in his poise the calm dignity of one conscious of heavy duties. He salutes to the left and to the right, a suspicion of a kindly smile upon his lips.

On the following day Nicholas and his lovely companion were crowned in the old cathedral of the Kremlin and became the anointed monarchs of the greatest kingdom upon earth.

It was an interminably long ceremony but of fascinating beauty in its legendary form. So magnificent was it, that it seemed unreal as if one had been carried back to the days of the old histories.

The church is high, sombre, and vaulted; the golden walls ornamented

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with archaic frescoes. Time has harmonized all the tones and marvelously softened the colors. A golden dust fills the sanctuary; within it, the expression of every face changes and becomes strange and mysterious; a solemn sense of waiting takes hold of all; the atmosphere becomes tense as if giant wings are beating somewhere in the shadows. All eyes are fixed upon the two figures of the man and woman to whom all are to render homage, the man and woman who will henceforth incarnate the fate of the great country.

Nicholas is pale; he seems to bend beneath the weight of the prodigious crown of his ancestors. His golden mantle seems too heavy for his shoulders and one thinks involuntarily of the giant stature of those who came before him. But in his eyes there is a mystic ardor.

The Empress has the air of wearing more easily the insignia of royalty: but her cheeks are burning, her eyes are feverish and her lips drawn. There is no gentleness in her expression. Even there in that golden cathedral, in the hour of her greatest glory, she seems to be defying an invisible enemy who might any moment attack her from the shade.

The ceremony is ended, the crowned couple leave the sanctuary; the sunshine of a spring day blazed out of doors. Followed by priests and high dignitaries, they slowly ascend steps covered with a red carpet, which lead toward a large terrace overlooking the populace — pages, clad in scarlet and silver, carry the trains of their heavy mantles. Arrived at the terrace, they turn their faces toward their subjects. The sun falls hard upon them, shining on their fantastic jewels, while from below there rolls in heavy thunder the acclamation of the myriad voices of the crowd. Urged by an irresistible emotion, this crowd falls on its knees, regarding with ecstasy those two luminous figures which stand motionless above them like strange gods who are to be seen but once in a lifetime.

A cruel event marked the sumptuous days with a stain of blood. A great popular fête had been organized outside the town in a huge field. There the peasants were to be given souvenirs carrying the image of the Emperor. The newly crowned couple, followed by royal guests, were to go, in great pomp, to assist at the disposition of these souvenirs to the thousands of peasants who had come from the four quarters of the immense country. By some fault of organization, a riot ensued, and hundreds of men, women, and children who had come together to rejoice, lost their lives in a bloody disaster more murderous than a battle.

This deplorable event cast its shade upon all the following ceremonies and fêtes. The Tsarina, with her natural disposition to melancholy, was very sorrowful because of it. Many saw in it an evil presage for the new reign. 'Begun in blood,' said they, 'it will finish in blood.'

La Revue des Deux Mondes

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION

THE greater part of what passes for scientific education in this country today is the result of a compromise. It would take too long to discuss in detail the origins and development of the system which now flowers in honors men at Oxford and Cambridge and in B.Sc.'s at the provincial universities, but the two main and, in many respects, incompatible ideals that have guided that development may be indicated. On the one hand, and earliest in point of time, we have the efforts of the scientific enthusiasts of whom the young William Thomson, improvising physical laboratories at Glasgow, may

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be taken as an example. To these men science was its own complete justification; they were the lineal descendants of the old scientific humanists, of Galileo, Leibritz, Young, Fresnel. The 'wonders of nature' had not become a hackneyed phrase; it was a reality that aroused boundless curiosity and untiring enthusiasm. They did not so much teach as try to gain proselytes. They were poets revealing to mankind new and wonderful visions; they were not trainers, patiently preparing yearly batches of new material for display in the examination room; they were captains enlisting crews for intellectual polar expeditions. It soon became evident, however, that these apparently remote wanderings had a more than poetic interest. Faraday's experiments on induced currents enabled some ingenious gentlemen to invent a dynamo. Fourier's *Théorie de la Chalur* enabled Sir William Thomson to tell a manufacturing company how to make a submarine telegraph cable, and an enterprizing and indomitable American millionaire saw to it that the cable should be made. Maxwell, dreaming apart, came to the interesting and ingenious conclusion that the noteworthy thing about a wire conveying an electric current was the space outside the wire. As a result of this dislocation of attention came, as an incidental practical result, wireless telegraphy. By-products of this kind aroused a great deal of attention. Grave men, with no nonsense about them, admitted that there really was something in science. Technical schools arose.

But the really powerful elements in the community, the governing class and its supporters, had nothing but a polite tolerance for the scientific enthusiasts on the one hand, and for the commercial engineers on the other. The combined pressure of scientific societies and of commercial interests resulted in occasional grants of a few thousand pounds. The education of the governing class, however, still consisted in an imperfect acquaintance with the literatures of ancient Greece and Rome, fortified, in many instances, by the ennobling influence of the English legal system. These minds, stored with legal precedents, a few lines of Catullus and a reverence for Plato, and with the practical experience of ruling men obtained by contesting elections, embarked on a long war with Germany. Every part of the work they were then called upon to do demanded scientific knowledge. The cost to the country, in blood and money, of omitting science from the education of its political leaders, is now gradually becoming apparent. The scientific men who, after a long interval, were called in to 'advise,' are now describing their experiences. It is a terrible revelation. Even the politicians and generals, whose ignorance resulted in massacre, show an occasional uneasiness. They seem to think that all is not well. They realize that many branches of knowledge which formed no part of their own education seemed to be in great demand during the war, were, indeed, indispensable, and that all this curious learning, from the design of aeroplanes to the preparation of poison gas, had something to do with science. According to manufacturers, science is also useful in peace time. The politicians have therefore decided to endow science handsomely. It is to do something to mitigate the waste of money incurred during the war. It is to build up manufactures, to increase production. Ultimately, to the heartfelt gratitude of an admiring nation, it will reduce the income tax. Now unquestionably science can do all this and there is no doubt that it is worth doing. But what will be the result of this new encouragement on scientific

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education? We pointed out some months ago, and we are pleased to see that Professor Gray, in his Presidential Address to the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association, takes the same line, that this government project will have to be very carefully watched. Altogether too much emphasis is laid upon researches undertaken solely with a view to their applications. Apart from the degradation of a great human activity implied in this attitude, the transformation of one of the muses into a maid-of-all-work, the policy will defeat its own ends. In Professor Gray's words: 'In research, in pure science at least, control will inevitably defeat itself. The scientific discoverer hardly knows whither he is being led; by a path he knows not he comes to his own. He should be free as the wind.' In truth the proposed scheme for the endowment of science should be very greatly extended.

It should be recognized that the modern man with no scientific education is an imperfectly educated man. Education in science should be as vital a part of the educational system of the country as is education in literature. But, that science may be properly valued, the whole method of teaching it should be altered. Elementary science, as it is taught at present, is the prelude to more advanced teaching. The present teaching is based on the assumption that the student is going to be a scientific specialist. What he is taught of science is useful enough if he proposes to continue his studies, but it is of very little use on its own account. Now the fact should be faced that the majority of people are not going to become scientific specialists. They have probably neither the time nor the inclination to know any one science as the scientific man knows it. The scientific knowledge they obtain on the present method is precisely analogous to the knowledge of Latin literature possessed by the boy who learns the first twenty pages of a Latin grammar. The obvious way to communicate a knowledge of Latin or Greek literature to non-technical students is to provide them with translations. They probably miss a good deal in this way, but what they gain is of more importance than what they lose, whereas a knowledge of the first twenty pages of the grammar is as good as useless. Similarly, the general elementary science training that should be provided in all schools should consist in translated science, in *popular* science, in the best sense of the word. Astronomy and geology are very well adapted to this kind of exposition, and are exceptionally valuable for their imaginative appeal. It is this latter aspect of science which needs particular emphasis at the present day, when science is becoming regarded more and more as a first-aid nurse to manufacturers. Its value as training in 'exact thinking' is altogether secondary to its value in expanding and disciplining the imagination. The conceptions of science current among educated men utterly ignore this aspect of it.

A bird's-eye view of any particular science should be made to include its relations to other sciences and to such other activities of man as are affected by it. In this way the student would see that scientific knowledge has now become an integral part of human life; he would see science ramifying into its applications (of which modern warfare is one) and the importance of these in a modern community. He would learn something of the history of science, something of the spirit that prompts this great human adventure. At the end of this course he would certainly be unable to pass the present school examinations, but he would have ob-

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tained a better insight into the real meaning and function of science than many of the present school examiners. A generation trained in this way would grant science its place in the community. Many misunderstandings, including the present absurd 'conflict' between science and literature, would vanish. The intellectual life of the community would be richer, and its material resources would be better expended and more wisely conserved. We should not get a nation of scientific men, but we should get a nation willing and able to hear the sometimes exceedingly important things that science has to say.

The Athenæum

LOVE IMPEACHED

BY W. H. DAVIES

Listen for pity — I impeach
The tyrant Love that, after play,
Dribbles on Beauty's cheek and still
Refuses to be moved away.

That, not content with many a kiss,
Plays with his fingers on her lip;
And if she turns her back to him,
Drums with his hand on either hip.

Sometimes he squeezes, then he slaps,
I've heard he even bites her breast.
Now, how can Beauty keep her charms,
If she gets neither sleep nor rest?

Is there no punishment, I ask —
No small corrections, soft and mild:
For let us never once forget
That, after all, he 's but a child.

The Owl

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THE ISLAND OF SAINTS

BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

I

THE sentimental Catholic — Roman or Anglican — looks at Ireland with friendly eyes. It is for him the one country in Western Europe which has preserved the faith, in which simple piety is still a great power in shaping life, in which all sweet observances are honored, in which men and women still kneel before altars and still pray. Till quite lately Russia shared with Ireland the affections of the Catholic-minded. But Russia fell suddenly from grace, and now Ireland alone remains, the single land which has escaped the blight of materialism where the hard sun of secular thinking has not dried the glistening dewdrops from the gossamer threads of faith.

They come to Ireland sometimes, these Anglo-Catholic priests and new English converts to the Roman Church. Oftener they content themselves with a distant view of our country and its people. Either way they are satisfied. Their souls, troubled with much thought and many questionings, discover among us that fragrance of simplicity, that garden scent which they have sought in vain to create for themselves by burning in closed rooms the pastilles of sophisticated piety. They delight to find that we hold unaffectedly the faith which they have reached by much effort, to which they cling desperately. In this they are not unlike the neo-Pagans of literary sympathies who see in Ireland the last home of the old fairy lore, a land in which forgotten deities of air and earth and sea are still honored at holy wells and under thorn trees, still preside over the mysteries of childbirth and control the coming of the butter when women churn.

It is strange that Ireland should be recognized as a spiritual home both by neo-Catholics and neo-Pagans, people alike only in this, that sentiment is dearer to them than logic. For Ireland — so the plain man supposes — can scarcely be faithful both to the magic of Druidism and the Gospel of Christ; cannot well pay equal honor to Dana and the Virgin Mother. Yet Ireland's lovers, these souls which gather to us from foreign lands, are conscious of no discord. The same admirer will sometimes himself be both Catholic and Pagan. He will watch the wayfarer on an Irish road bare his head and make swift signings of the Cross when the Angelus sounds from a church bell. Tears of thankfulness will be very near his eyes, and — if he happens to know them — he will murmur the lines of Seumas O'Sullivan:

> I cannot pray as Christians used to pray,
> For I have seen Lord Angus in the woods.

Curiously enough — and this is but one example among many of how little logic has to do with life — there is much to be said for both views of Ireland. We have retained more of the paganism of our remote ancestors than most peoples. And we are, whatever Church we belong to, definitely and strongly Christian. The evidence of our paganism must be sought for a little below the surface of our life and

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will be found, perhaps, only by those who search with sympathy. The evidence of our Christianity is plain and unmistakable.

We are, for instance, a church-going people. Attendance at Mass or matins is not indeed a proof of deep spirituality, but it is evidence that religion has a certain grip upon our lives. A few years ago people in England, with a taste for statistics, used occasionally to work out an amateur census of church-going, counting in some particular locality the number of people who passed through the doors of the churches on a Sunday. Such reckonings were never made in Ireland. The figures would not be worth the trouble required to get them. No one would think of counting the number of people who wear hats out of doors; though there are a few persons who prefer to go bareheaded.

It is often said, by the envious, that Irish Roman Catholics only go to church because they are threatened with dreadful penalties if they stay away; and I suppose that there are punishments attached to the neglect of public worship. In the same way it is said, by way of reproach, that Mahomet propagated his religion by the sword. That is apparently true. But before you can propagate a religion by a sword you must get a sword, several swords, and several people who believe your religion to use the swords. So, before you can enforce church attendance by threats of punishment hereafter you must have persuaded people of the reality of the punishment and your power to inflict it. The important thing is that in Ireland most people believe that it will be uncomfortable for them hereafter if they do not go to church now. And that is a religious belief, a kind of faith; for faith is the substance of things not seen, and none of us has seen what goes on in that other world where the punishments will be inflicted and the prizes awarded.

But Christianity, as taught by the Apostles and many others besides the Apostles, requires something more than formal acts of worship on Sundays and holydays of obligation. According to some teachers, it requires of a man that he should not eat meat on Fridays. According to other teachers, a minority, it requires that he should never drink wine at all, on Friday or any other day. According to almost all teachers, it requires that if he marries a wife he shall keep him only unto her so long as they both shall live. Thus Christianity imposes certain rules of conduct and insists that a man shall live his life after a certain pattern. Here again Ireland responds to the test very well. We do not, any of us, succeed in reproducing perfectly the pattern recognized as set for us. If we did, Ireland would certainly deserve the title 'Island of Saints,' and would probably be a very unpleasant place to live in. But — whether more than any other men or not I do not know — we do recognize supernatural rules of conduct. Religion is in our lives a formative power, a really effective force. In some matters we are astonishingly successful in keeping the rules we recognize as binding. Those of us who think it wrong to eat meat on Fridays very seldom do eat it, without special permission from a bishop. Those who think that Christ damned alcohol — making perhaps a kind of lemonade at Cana in Galilee — are actually strict teetotalers, and will not let even a bishop absolve them from their vows. There is so little adultery in Ireland, and Divorce Court proceedings are so rare, that we are fully entitled to boast of the distinctive purity of our people.

We accept our rules of life from authority. We want to be told plainly what is right and what is wrong. We

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prefer a categorical 'Do' or 'Do not' to a vague large statement of guiding principle. Catholic and Protestant are alike in this. We require an infallible guide, whether it be Church or Bible. We detest the trouble of seeking out ways for ourselves and the uncertainty which haunts such search. In civil and political life we are all of us rebels. The very fact that a law is a law is inducement enough to break it, and a policeman, in other societies a protecting friend, is for us a public enemy. In religion our spirit is not at all of this kind. There we like authority. The sterner it is the more we love it, and we ask nothing better than rules for the regulation of the minutest details of our lives.

Our unfailing recognition of the Divine interest in common things witnesses to our sincere belief that the spiritual and material worlds are very near to each other. 'With the help of God,' a man says, 'I 'll start in at digging the potatoes to-morrow.' Or 'It 's the mercy of God that the rain held off till I had the hay in cocks.' And the man who uses such phrases means them and is not ashamed to let it be seen that he means them.

We attach enormous importance to religious observances. A maid seeking a situation will inquire how far the house of her employer is from the nearest church. She wants to be sure that she can go to Mass regularly, that she will not be kept at home by the fear of a long walk in wet weather. A gardener or groom will accept lower wages for the sake of getting near a church which his children can attend and a school where he can be sure that they will be taught their catechism.

Yet, and this at first sight seems an odd thing, Ireland is very little interested in religion. Conversion from one faith to another is extremely rare; which may be a great sign of faithfulness and loyalty, but is much more likely to be the result of general apathy. If any one does venture to step across the boundary line and pass from one church to another he is, very naturally, regarded as a renegade by the members of the community which he has left. But, what seems unnatural, he is very coldly received by the church he has joined. No one in Ireland even pretends to regard converts as sheep once lost now happily brought safe to fold; prodigals for whose sake we should make merry and be glad. On the contrary, the poor convert, who has perhaps gone through much spiritual suffering, is looked upon as a thoroughly untrustworthy person. A man, so we feel, who would desert his church — even to join our own — might do anything — rob a widow or burn down an orphanage. We decline to see any merit in spiritual questioning, whatever answer comes to light.

There have, indeed, always been some enthusiasts in whom a missionary spirit existed, who dreamed of an Ireland turned Protestant, or an Ireland purely Catholic; but the common sense of both communities is against them, and their efforts have been singularly barren of results. The churches have stood for centuries in sullen opposition. They have possessed, turn and turn about, wealth and political power. They have denounced each other and anathematized each other's creeds. They have not made converts. Census after census shows the proportion of Catholics and Protestants substantially unchanged. Neither the pressure of the Penal Laws in the eighteenth century nor the efforts of Protestant propagandists in the nineteenth were effectual in bribing or luring the Roman Catholics from their faith. Neither the spiritual isolation which is their lot in many parts of Ireland, nor the harassing sense

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that they are in some way strangers in their own land, has shaken the devotion of the Irish Protestant to his Protestantism. We have attained a religious stability which would be simply impossible in a people deeply interested in religion.

II

Our dislike of conversion is illustrated by the fact that we have always been unwilling to persecute. Ireland is singular among European nations in possessing no martyr roll. Smithfield fires were never lit among us. Neither Protestant nor Catholic cherishes bitter memories of a St. Bartholemew's day. It would be pleasant to think that Irishmen always understood what the rest of Europe has only lately grasped, that persecution is contrary to the spirit of the Gospel. But we can scarcely claim so high an honor. Irish history is barren in stories of religious martyrdoms. It is singularly rich in stories of the execution and slaughter of political heretics. The party in power has always believed in the forcible suppression of dangerous opinion. Governments have not hesitated to hang and shoot those whom they regarded as rebels. Rebels, when for a brief period they held power, have believed no less whole-heartedly in strong measures. The fact that the lines of political and religious division in Ireland are identical has led to a confusion in the popular mind. Political persecution has looked like religious persecution. In reality, while men in Ireland have died in thousands for their politics they have not died for their faith. They have not been called upon to die for faith. We have never much wanted to kill each other for the greater glory of God, though we have been always ready to slay pitilessly for the sake of the glory and freedom of Ireland, or England, or the Empire. The spirit of the religious persecutor is not in us. We do not persecute, just as we do not proselytize; because though we believe in a superiority of our own faiths, and hold them tenaciously, we are at heart of opinion that other people's faiths are quite good enough for them.

In Ireland religion has been a creed — several creeds — with a call for loyal faith. It has been a rule of life demanding obedience and self-sacrifice. It has not, for many centuries, been a region for spiritual adventure, an unknown ocean across which the soul has gone voyaging. Since Scotus Erigena Ireland has produced no heretic, that is to say no spiritual or intellectual adventurer. It cannot boast of any great or even second-rate religious leader. Our race has passed through a thousand years of patient faith, and no Saint Francis of Assisi has appeared among us, no Luther, no Pascal, no Wesley, no Newman, no Tolstoi. When, occasionally, we recognize a modernist Tyrrell or an Anglo-Catholic Dolling as an Irishman we stare in mild wonder at him. They are not of us and they went out from us. The fruit of their souls' travail was gathered by other peoples. We neither wanted them nor understood them, nor their work. Great spiritual tides have ebbed and flowed across Christendom, renaissances, reformations, counter reformations, Protestant awakenings, Catholic revivals, critical destructions, modernist syncretisms. From all of them we have remained aloof, never touched, never startled, unmoved by either love or hate, uninspired. Ireland's life has been like a pool, near the sea but very high up among the rocks, to which the waves do not come. Lower down are other pools which lie quiet, unruffled until the first waves of a flowing tide reach them, which a little while after are filled with foam

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and swirling water, whose clinging sea plants are dragged and torn, whose limpets, loosing their grasp on the firm rocks, suck in fresh life from the invading ocean. Hours pass, and the tide, still raging, draws slowly back again, leaving the long weeds in peace and the red anemones to open their flowers to the sun shining through the tepid water. The pool high up remains untroubled and untouched, save by the chance splashing on its surface of stray drops of driven spray, too few, too rare to re-create or to refresh. The pool is fed by the oozings of the rain-water through the clefts of shoreward rocks. The film of slow stagnation forms and spreads across the surface. The changing seasons bring no change, the flowing tide no foam. There is quietness, untroubled.

It was not always so. Once, for a brief period, the soul of Christian Ireland was responsive to the high call of spiritual adventure. The mind of Ireland was eager to explore and to discover. Ireland created a Church of her own, neither Western nor Eastern, a Church with its own ritual, its own government, its own monasticism. In its cycle of church seasons it was unique. Its hymns and psalm singing, its tonsure, its architecture, were all its own, unlike those of any other Church. Its monks were neither Benedictine nor Basilian. Its hermits learned their lessons neither from Nitria nor Mount Athos. It had its schools and scholars, its saints whose names we still revere, though we have long ceased to understand their lives. It sent its missionaries abroad, apostles of an evangel and a culture strange in the lands to which they went. About its creed and doctrines we can but guess, knowing little except that it was neither Catholic nor Protestant.

That Church, immeasurably rich in spiritual promise, failed and disappeared, leaving no trace at all behind it save a few ruined buildings to be gaped at by antiquaries and a bundle of manuscripts for the inspection of scholars and artists. Neither Catholic nor Protestant can claim to be the legitimate descendant, the spiritual offspring of that Irish Church. The accidents of history, like incalculably falling stones, blocked the path of its advance. The chance ravenings of pirates checked its development. Men who were not of its spirit sat down in its high places. And now a Church which might have changed the face of Christendom is scarcely even a memory, is no more than a thing of interest for curious minds.

Is it fanciful to see in the failure of that native Church the explanation of Ireland's singular religious position to-day? Are we faced with a simple case of arrested development? So a flower, whose early bud has been cropped by some passing sheep, lives on, but tries to flower no more. So a young fir tree, whose leading shoot is broken, grows and spreads, but does not grow to its full height and fails to attain the lofty symmetry for the sake of which it was planted. So we sometimes see a boy give every promise of a brilliant future. His mind is bright and eager. He advances swiftly, till suddenly there comes a stop. His body remains healthy and his muscles sound; but an inexplicable dullness settles down upon his spirit. He is last instead of first, and in after years, when others have grown, he, in form a man, remains in mind a child.

I once knew an English woman, much interested in religion, a devout member of her national Church. We fell to talk one day about the Church of Ireland, the modern Church of Ireland, that rigid, somewhat arid branch of the Anglican communion to which I belong. She quoted a verse from the

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'Song of Solomon': 'We have a little sister and she hath no breasts. What shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?' Perhaps, if she had known Ireland better than she did, that lady might have widened the application of her words and used them of all our churches, of religion itself in this Island of Saints, which for more than a thousand years has produced no saint. For it seems as if our religion, sincere and simple as it is, lacks that 'superb abundance' of which Browning writes; as if in its austerity it were too virginal, so that men, though faithful, have not loved it passionately; as if its babes were all bottle-fed, cannot suck from their mother milk which she has not to give, and so do not grow lusty and strong as other babes, who come in time to beat with chubby fists the face of their mother in rough rebellion, which she delights in though it pains her, the evidence of the fullness of life which they have drawn from her.

The few among us who stand outside our churches altogether, who view religion with cool dispassionate eyes, say that it is well for us that we are as we are. To them, as to Gibbon's philosopher, all creeds are equally false, things of little moment. But in the spirit of Gibbon's statesman they hold that all churches are equally useful, and see in our simple faith and ready obedience a safeguard against revolution and violent change. It is easy to understand their position, even to sympathize with their hope for continued submission and stability. The great world, the Europe east of our shores and the America west of them, is once again, as many times before, in the grip of great ideas, is being spiritually ravished by angels or devils, is God-possessed or demon-ridden. Vast forces, incalculable, splendid, terrible, rend and strive. The noise of the conflict comes to us. The threat of it is at our doors. Between us and many strange perils stands our religion, on guard. Perhaps we shall escape again as we escaped the formative tyranny of Roman Law, the feudalism of Frankish chivalry, the bursting spring of the Renaissance, the inspired mutiny of the Reformation. Perhaps we shall remain alone, a little sister with no breasts, unspoken for, secure in our timid virginity. It is possible to hope for such a continuation of our island history.

But it is possible also, it is surely permissible also, to hope that from among us will come some new Saint Brendan, who for the sake of adventure, in expectation of discovering at last the blessed islands, will gladly leave security behind and venture forth, divinely mad, across the great ocean in his coracle.

Which, after all, is faith — the obstinate muttering of old creeds in sheltered, sacred places, or the conviction that somewhere beyond the tossing perils there is God?

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AMERICA AND THE ENGLISH LITERARY TRADITION

BY VINCENT O'SULLIVAN

To encounter the venerable names of Marlowe, of Burton of the *Anatomy*, of Dr. Johnson, and Wordsworth and George Borrow, in a quite modern American novel, is almost as startling as it would be to find them in a Bolshevist manifesto. Rare enough now in America are the writers who continue the English literary tradition, and accordingly some interest may be felt by English people in the one who does. Nor is Mr. Christopher Morley a 'left-over' from the New England period when the inspiration, at least, of American literature was imported from England, if it sometimes suffered a sea-change in the process.

Some years ago I was asked to lunch in New York at a restaurant in the neighborhood of Wall Street — one of those places where eating becomes feeding; where, as in a pew, men close-packed in a small room groan and sweat as they devour probable dishes while flying scuds of soup and gravy are blown in the face from plates carried at perilous angles by irritable and distracted waiters. It has always seemed to me an example of the great docility of the Americans and their slavery to custom that men should consent to go day after day for years to such caves of noise and fumes and half-warm food, when they might have a sandwich in peace on a street corner. My host was a large florid young man rather ample in movement for the place, who looked as if he might have seized the restaurant in his arms and swung it across the river to the Brooklyn side. So far as looks go, he was the kind of man you may meet on any misty morning in Essex or Suffolk riding about his farm on a stocky well-groomed cob or trampling through the wurzels in thick boots and buskins with a gun under his arm and a dog at his heels. This was Mr. Christopher Morley, sometime one of the editors of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and now an imposing pillar of the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger*. Amid the uproar, he gained my sympathy by calling *The Woman in White* one of the best English novels. He spoke warmly, too, of Anthony Trollope. I cannot read Trollope much, but I like people who like him. I suppose we all feel that way about some writer or other.

At the time of our lunch Mr. Morley had published in magazines some parts of his book of poems, *Songs for a Little House*, whereof the inspiration takes its rise in the English intimists, Herrick, George Herbert, Cowper, Crabbe. He has since written a few books of essays (or, as one would say in America, 'near-essays') whereof the inspiration is the prose counterpart of those worthies, Izaak Walton, Addison (of Sir Roger de Coverley), Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, with something of Hazlitt and George Borrow thrown in. As you see, nothing could be more English. And as one reads these books, *Shandygaff* and *Parnassus on Wheels*, it is easy to pick out his preferences among modern English authors. Stevenson, Kipling, Conrad, Chesterton, J. M. Barrie — there they are! It may be in deference to his surroundings that he professes an inordinate admiration for

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that didactic and boring writer, Samuel Butler — him of *Erewhon* and *The Way of All Flesh* I mean: heaven forbid that anybody should think I mean the great author of *Hudibras*. Samuel Butler the second (in all senses) has at present a considerable vogue in the United States.

Such a list of preferences describes a man. You notice that if there is no Hall Caine there is no Galsworthy; if there is no Florence Barclay there is no Bernard Shaw; if there is no Arnold Bennett or Algernon Blackwood neither is there Mrs. Humphry Ward or William Locke. No non-English writers whatever, none of the great Russians, none of the great French, have said anything important for him. I have a notion that he regards Ibsen and Strindberg with dislike as not the kind of stuff that young America can be profitably nourished upon. His admiration of his own countrymen is also tempered by many exclusions. Among those he admires he takes a long slide from Walt Whitman to Mr. Don Marquis, who distributed parodies and proverbs to the readers of the New York *Sun*. According to Mr. Morley, the facetious Mr. Marquis is the greatest writer, except Walt Whitman, who ever lived in the Brooklyn district of New York. This is perhaps not much of a claim; but however that may be, it falls to be said that Howard Pyle, admirable writer of fairy stories, of pirate romances, admirable black-and-white artist, too, lived in Brooklyn, and if he were still treading its streets, neither Mr. Marquis nor many other Americans would be worthy to walk in his shadow.

It has seemed worth while to dwell on Mr. Christopher Morley's literary formation because of his expression of the English literary tradition, which is indeed so singular in America to-day that one is not much surprised to learn that he is not very far off the original English stock — only a single generation, I think. He has also been a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, and although in his latest book he calls a college-cap a 'mortar-board,' no doubt he came into sufficiently close contact with the real life of the place. He waxes enthusiastic about tea and muffins and open coal fires. Tea rouses no delight in the American breast, muffins mean something else than they do in England, and open coal fires are a privilege of the rich. He is in his books a great eater, his board is spread with a Victorian prodigality. To his mind, when the English Victorian era ended, something very good went out of the world. There is nothing in him that Victorianism would have frustrated: he does not want to do or express anything which would have shocked the Victorian sense of fitness. I do not know whether he would want to put drawers on the legs of the piano, but he would not want to discuss the subject of legs, or anything which may be implied in that.

Do what we will, we see past ages through the eyes of the great writers who lived in them. In Victorian England fires were not so bright, inns were not so cosy, food was not so plentiful or so good as appears in the romances of Dickens. At the time of the Crimean War the struggles of the poor were as hard and more hopeless than they are now. What is likely is that middle-class people of moderate incomes lived more comfortably than they do to-day. When the Mr. and Mrs. Quiverfull or the Brown, Jones and Robinson, of the *Punch* of the period went to Margate or Folkestone their desires were moderate: there were no large and expensive hotels to tempt them. At home, they were content to stay at home and to take their meals at home. They asked less from

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life and probably got more. But to see general happiness in the Victorian period is hallucination produced by literature, as it is to see general comfort in the Augustan period because Horace was comfortable. Seventy-five years hence readers of the books of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Wells may be sighing for the good old times of King George the Fifth and the Great War.

And if such a reader lives in America and takes Mr. Morley on trust he may — he almost certainly will—be sighing for the good old days of Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Morley is by no means a realist, if realism means facing unflinchingly the sad and ugly among the other elements of life. He puts aside whatever is unpleasant, and, one can see in many another American author, this is done by conviction, deliberately, like the effort of a Christian Scientist. He belongs to the domestic school; he is a homely writer. He tells you what they had for breakfast from sheer delight in telling it. People don't catch diseases in his book. They are very well. The doctor only comes to preside at the arrival of a new and healthy baby.

On the whole, if we want only the fair lights, Mr. Morley gives a true enough picture of the middle-class family in the United States — or more precisely, of the family of small means in New England and the Middle Atlantic States. In one respect, at all events, it seems to have an advantage over the same kind of family in England. The *tone* is better because there are no cheap servants. The wealthy have servants more or less good and highly paid. In families such as Mr. Morley deals with, the wife, and often the husband, do their own cooking and dishwashing, and then sit down to read *The Shaving of Shagpat* or Bryce's *American Commonwealth*. What is called a 'scrub woman' appears at intervals to sweep and garnish, but she enters the house on the same terms as the plumber or the man who comes to fix the telephone. But there is no such thing as the 'slavey,' or overworked drudge, tyrannized over when she is not treated with negligent kindness, who surrenders her liberty, often even her liberty of thought, for a meagre wage, and in a tiny house is barred out from the rest of the occupants though the dog and the cat are admitted. When you think of it, could anything be more immoral? Or could anything be devised more demoralizing and productive of snobbery than to bring up children in the conviction that they are superior to a class of human beings who are paid to do housework, and also to those who cannot afford to keep such slaves?

The small American family, then, with its economized and tempered joys, and with the characteristic national neglect of its sorrows, is portrayed by Mr. Morley in his poems, in *Shandygaff*, which is a book of essays, and in *Parnassus on Wheels*, which may also be called a book of essays since the characters are set up to express the author's opinions. The best part of his new book, *The Haunted Bookshop*, is also the essay part; but he has had the unfortunate suggestion to graft on it a 'shriller,' and for that kind of literature he reveals no talent. Two Germans plot together to put a bomb between book covers on board the ship in which President Wilson is sailing to the Peace Conference. They are unmasked by an advertising agent who marries the heroine daughter of a millionaire. What motive could have urged the Germans to injure the President at that particular moment it is impossible to discover; but why try to find sense where the author has failed to put any? It would seem that his admira-

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tion of *The Wrong Box* and *The Dynamiter* had led him to prepare an American *Ersatz* for those books; but neither his character nor his talent have any resemblance to Stevenson's. To go no further, Stevenson never loses a chance to gird at domesticity, whereas Mr. Morley's trump card is to extol domesticity.

To excuse his descent into spy-melodrama, it should be said that he is not a writer who takes his way indifferent to the public taste, and in the United States during the war Hun-baiting and spy-nosing were not only pursued as a duty but cultivated as a sport. Curiously enough, alongside of this kind of thing we find praise of such writers as Bertrand Russell, and pages denouncing war. Certainly, no one can reproach Mr. Morley for his observations on the war and on war in general. But repetitions like this are useless; his remarks are no more impressive than could be drawn from writers for a thousand years. Perhaps there are few left now who believe that war brings any permanent social benefit; but soldiering, or at least officering, will doubtless continue to be the most honorable and admired of professions in many countries, and did not Marshal Foch in London speak calmly of the 'next war'? As for what are called 'war books,' whether written from the pacifist or bellicist point of view, more or less brilliant reporting with emphatic or cynical anecdotes, surely there has been enough of them in the United States as well as in France and in England. But one kind of war book might still be written, and if it were done well, with some benefit. We have every reason to be tired of the note books and journals of nurses of all sorts written to show the home town they have been 'there.'

So much consideration it has seemed worth while to give to this American writer in an English paper, not upon any claim that what he has so far produced makes him a great or important writer, but because he is a pleasant writer, with whose books English readers might well make acquaintance, and particularly because he is one of the very few American writers who continue the English literary tradition in a country where that tradition is dying fast and where the spoken, and to a considerable extent the written, language is drawing farther and farther away from English as it is used in England. Those who want to realize how far this difference has already gone should read Mr. H. L. Mencken's laborious and interesting volume, *The American Language*. To most English people, many pages of the published sermons of Billy Sunday, the evangelist would be almost as unintelligible as a Welsh newspaper. But is American at its present point of development a language or a lingo? Professor Brander Matthews, an American, does not hesitate to liken it to Elizabethan English for its figurative vigor. American figures, however, are generally on a low level. When Bacon calls floods great winding sheets, he is otherwise impressive than when the Pennsylvania Railroad announces that there is a wash-out down round Harrisburg, Pa. It would in fact be impossible to express any grand or moving thought in American: humor, homely wisdom, yes; but not grandeur. Leaving aside the intellectual value of either, Bishop Latimer's sermons are in the plain language of his time, and they easily maintain themselves on heights that Billy Sunday never gets a clutch on, even for a moment. It is a fair claim that American is more vivid than English. Mr. Mencken says well that between the placard in the wash-room at the British Museum: 'These Basins are for Casual Ablutions

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Only,' and the common sign at our American railroad crossings: 'Stop! Look! Listen!' lies 'an abyss separating two cultures, two habits of mind, two diverging tongues.'

Americans, however, keep their eyes fixed on the rather ponderous English of some of the London daily papers, and of weeklies like the *Spectator* and the *Guardian* which sweat the prig at every pore; they know nothing of the racy speech of the English populace. I have always thought that the remarks heard in an English crowd are more witty than those of an American crowd. They are not so pleasant to hear, because they are bitter and often very cynical, whereas it is extremely rare to hear Americans of any class say anything wounding in a spirit of jocosity. But not seldom the American wit is of ready-made phrases, held in community, and you feel that the next man or woman who comes within earshot is likely to say pretty much the same thing; while the English man or girl, those of the large towns, constantly say striking things which have never been heard before and no one will repeat after them. The American caricaturist Briggs, deals with pretty much the same class of people that the great artist, Phil May, dealt with. With both the intention is not to make their people say smart things out of keeping with their characters, but what such people would naturally say. It is a matter of listening and picking up in streets, in tramways, on race courses, in drinking bars, and billiard rooms. Well, nobody who examines the work of these two artists over a given period can deny that the wit is on the side of Phil May's people. They are not always so funny, however. Of the hideous woman that both these artists present, the meagre American vixen, with sparse hair undisguised by art, may perhaps be laughed at, but Phil May's bloated mother in bonnet and shawl, with all her features in dissolution, is almost tragic.

'Bid me to live and I will live thy protestant to be,' sang a poet not far off the Elizabethan time. 'So live that you can look any man square in the eye and tell him to go to hell,' says a modern American moralist. Between these two, one finds also, notwithstanding Professor Matthews, 'an abyss separating two cultures, two habits of mind,' as Mr. Mencken puts it. Certainly it is a prudent statement that no great popularity can be expected in the United States to-day by a writer who does not use American English, and by this I do not mean slang. Most of the modern American novelists, and even the poets, write it naturally. It is true that perhaps the best book of poems, and one of the best novels, published in America of late years, *Wolfsbane*, and *Wood and Stone*, by John Cowper Powys, are written in the English of England; but Mr. Powys, although he publishes in the United States, is, as I understand, an Englishman who has no desire to be either American or Americanized. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is an Englishman who has been naturalized, and he does use American to a certain extent, but it is an obvious and uneasy graft on a prose formed by English origin, sympathies, and habits of thought. Mr. Le Gallienne looks rather like an exile in America. As for Mr. Christopher Morley, who is an American, his respect for the English literary tradition leads him to keep his English and American in separate compartments. When he slips, it is not upon the tolerable language of either country, but into the miserable jargon of the tawdry novel in both countries. 'Gilbert was on the qui vive,' he writes. What would Charles Lamb or Hazlitt say to that? American translators de-

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liberately translate into American not English. In the translations of Strindberg's plays published in New York the translator says he found he could get nearer the original by American turns of speech.

This may seem contradicted by the fact that a large number of English books are read in the United States. They are read by the more cultivated classes who are willing to make a slight mental effort. Such people have the pleasant sensation of mastering a foreign language. They skip the phrases they don't understand, or try to translate them with a dictionary. 'The second turning revealed to Gerald the hoardings of a tube station with a constable's bull's-eye flashing on them' — such a phrase would be as unintelligible to the average inhabitants of an American city as a phrase of Spanish. But they accept it as an experience in an English book. If they find many like it in a book by an American, they and that author do not become friends. This is one of the reasons for the limited vogue of Henry James. As I said in an article published in the *Mercure de France* a few months ago, the influence of James has been in England, not in his native land. Then there is Mrs. Craigie, who had a broader culture, twice as much art, and fifty times more intellectual power than any other American woman who has written novels. Mrs. Craigie has no standing whatever in America.

No amount of analysis can precisely determine the causes of this indifference of Americans to two of our authors who do us the most credit. Resentment because they were absentees comes into it very little — perhaps not at all. Nor that they dealt with phrases of English life. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's literary excursions into English society have not hurt her with her large public. But Mrs. Atherton always gives the impression of some one standing outside and looking through the fence; you never forget that she is an American citizen. Henry James writes like an American lady who has been for long years married to an Englishman of good position, and Mrs. Craigie, as far as tone goes, writes like an Englishwoman. Tone, accent — perhaps the explanation is there. For just as the spoken English accent rouses a subconscious antagonism in America, so may the written English accent. Something too must be put down to the lack of interesting and able criticism to educate the public taste. The few men and women with broad culture, broad views, a thorough knowledge of two or three literatures, and a wide experience of life, will not waste their time in writing book reviews, especially under the conditions imposed by most of the papers. In the first place, it is not thought necessary to give much space to books; and then, what editors want is what they call a 'news-review' — that is, an article made up of quotations, a most unfair gutting of a book which leaves the reader with the impression that there is no need to buy it after all. The limited number of reviewers who express decided opinions, if confronted with work like Mrs. Craigie's, would assume a haughty or weary air, the object being to show they are no longer provincial, that they too have been to Gades, and that you can't put any junk across which will faize them. I have noticed the same instinct to disparage among English reviewers in face of an American book: I have not seen the *Times Literary Supplement* for some time, but it used to be insufferably patronizing and contemptuous when it dealt with American novels or poetry. Among daily and

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weekly papers published in New York, the only respectable criticism appears in the Socialist paper, *The Call;* but the artistic views of the writers are distorted by their political convictions too often, as happens in Socialist papers all over the world where propaganda comes first.

The New Witness

JOSEPH: A STORY

BY KATHERINE RICKFORD

THEY were sitting round the fire after dinner — not an ordinary fire, one of those fires that has a little room all to itself with seats at each side of it to hold a couple of people or three.

The big dining room was paneled with oak. At the far end was a handsome dresser that dated back for generations. One's imagination ran riot when one pictured the people who must have laid those pewter plates on the long, narrow, solid table. Massive mediæval chests stood against the walls. Arms and parts of armor hung against the paneling; but one noticed few of these things, for there was no light in the room save what the fire gave.

It was Christmas Eve. Games had been played. The old had vied with the young at snatching raisins from the burning snapdragon. The children had long since gone to bed; it was time their elders followed them, but they lingered round the fire, taking turns at telling stories. Nothing very weird had been told; no one had felt any wish to peep over his shoulder or try to penetrate the darkness of the far end of the room; the omission caused a sensation of something wanting. From each one there this thought went out, and so a sudden silence fell upon the party. It was a girl who broke it — a mere child; she wore her hair up that night for the first time, and that seemed to give her the right to sit up so late.

'Mr. Grady is going to tell one,' she said.

All eyes were turned to a middle-aged man in a deep armchair placed straight in front of the fire. He was short, inclined to be fat, with a bald head and a pointed beard like the beards that sailors wear. It was plain that he was deeply conscious of the sudden turning of so much strained yet forceful thought upon himself. He was restless in his chair as people are in a room that is overheated. He blinked his eyes as he looked round the company. His lips twitched in a nervous manner. One side of him seemed to be endeavoring to restrain another side of him from a feverish desire to speak.

'It was this room that made me think of him,' he said thoughtfully.

There was a long silence, but it occurred to no one to prompt him. Everyone seemed to understand that he was going to speak, or rather that something inside him was going to speak, some force that craved expression and was using him as a medium.

The little old man's pink face grew strangely calm, the animation that

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usually lit it was gone. One would have said that the girl who had started him already regretted the impulse, and now wanted to stop him. She was breathing heavily, and once or twice made as though she would speak to him, but no words came. She must have abandoned the idea, for she fell to studying the company. She examined them carefully, one by one. 'This one,' she told herself, 'is so-and-so, and that one there just another so-and-so.' She stared at them, knowing that she could not turn them to herself with her stare. They were just bodies kept working, so to speak, by some subtle sort of sentry left behind by the real selves that streamed out in pent-up thought to the little old man in the chair in front of the fire.

'His name was Joseph: at least they called him Joseph. He dreamed, you understand — dreams. He was an extraordinary lad in many ways. His mother — I knew her very well — had three children in quick succession, soon after marriage; then ten years went by and Joseph was born. Quiet and reserved he always was, a self-contained child whose only friend was his mother. People said things about him, you know how people talk. Some said he was not Clara's child at all, but that she had adopted him; others, that her husband was not his father, and these put her change of manner down to a perpetual struggle to keep her husband comfortably in the dark. I always imagined that the boy was in some way aware of all this gossip, for I noticed that he took a dislike to the people who spread it most.'

The little man rested his elbows on the arms of his chair and let the tips of his fingers meet in front of him. A smile played about his mouth. He seemed to be searching among his reminiscences for the one that would give the clearest protrait of Joseph.

'Well, anyway,' he said at last, 'the boy was odd, there is no gainsaying the fact. I suppose he was eleven when Clara came down here with her family for Christmas The Coningtons owned the place then — Mrs. Conington was Clara's sister. It was Christmas Eve, as it is now, many years ago. We had spent a normal Christmas Eve; a little happier, perhaps, than usual by reason of the family reunion and because of the presence of so many children. We had eaten and drank, laughed and played and gone to bed.

'I woke in the middle of the night from sheer restlessness. Clara, knowing my weakness, had given me a fire in my room. I lit a cigarette, played with a book, and then, purely from curiosity, opened the door and looked down the passage. From my door I could see the head of the staircase in the distance; the opposite wing of the house, or the passage rather beyond the stairs, was in darkness. The reason I saw the staircase at all was that the window you pass coming downstairs allowed the moon to throw an uncertain light upon it, a weird light because of the stained glass. I was arrested by the curious effect of this patch of light in so much darkness when suddenly someone came into it, turned, and went downstairs. It was just like a scene in a theatre; something was about to happen that I was going to miss. I ran as I was, barefooted, to the head of the stairs and looked over the banister. I was excited, strung up, too strung up to feel the fright that I knew must be with me. I remember the sensation perfectly. I knew that I was afraid, yet I did not feel fright.

'On the stairs nothing moved. The little hall down here was lost in darkness. Looking over the banister I was facing the stained glass window. You know how the stairs run round three sides of the hall; well, it occurred to

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me that if I went halfway down and stood under the window I should be able to keep the top of the stairs in sight and see anything that might happen in the hall. I crept down very cautiously and waited under the window. First of all, I saw the suit of empty armor just outside the door here. You know how a thing like that, if you stare at it in a poor light, appears to move; well, it moved sure enough, and the illusion was enhanced by clouds being blown across the moon. By the fire like this one can talk of these things rationally, but in the dead of night it is a different matter, so I went down a few steps to make sure of that armor, when suddenly something passed me on the stairs. I did not hear it, I did not see it, I sensed it in no way, I just knew that something had passed me on its way upstairs. I realized that my retreat was cut off, and with the knowledge fear came upon me.

'I had seen someone come down the stairs; that, at any rate, was definite; now I wanted to see him again. Any ghost is bad enough, but a ghost that one can see is better than one that one can't. I managed to get past the suit of armor, but then I had to feel my way to these double doors here.'

He indicated the direction of the doors by a curious wave of his hand. He did not look toward them nor did any of the party. Both men and women were completely absorbed in his story, they seemed to be mesmerized by the earnestness of his manner. Only the girl was restless, she gave an impression of impatience with the slowness with which he came to his point. One would have said that she was apart from her fellows, an alien among strangers.

'So dense was the darkness that I made sure of finding the first door closed, but it was not, it was wide open, and, standing between them, I could feel that the other was open, too. I was standing literally in the wall of the house, and as I peered into the room, trying to make out some familiar object, thoughts ran through my mind of people who had been bricked up in walls and left there to die. For a moment I caught the spirit of the inside of a thick wall. Then suddenly I felt the sensation I have often read about but never experienced before: I knew there was someone in the room. You are surprised, yes, but wait! I knew more: I knew that that someone was conscious of my presence. It occurred to me that whoever it was might want to get out of the door. I made room for him to pass. I waited for him, made sure of him, began to feel giddy, and then a man's voice, deep and clear:

'"There is someone there; who is it?"

'I answered mechanically: "George Grady."

'"I'm Joseph."

'A match was drawn across a matchbox, and I saw the boy bending over a candle waiting for the wick to catch. For a moment I thought he must be walking in his sleep, but he turned to me quite naturally and said in his own boyish voice:

'"Lost anything?"

'I was amazed at the lad's complete calm. I wanted to share my fright with someone, instead I had to hide it from this boy. I was conscious of a curious sense of shame. I had watched him grow, taught him, praised him, scolded him, and yet here he was waiting for an explanation of my presence in the dining room at that odd hour of the night.

'Soon he repeated the question: "Lost anything?"

'"No," I said, and then I stammered: "Have you?"

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'"No," he said with a little laugh. "It's that room, I can't sleep in it."

'"Oh," I said. "What's the matter with the room?"

'"It's the room I was killed in," he said quite simply.

'Of course I had heard about his dreams; but I had had no direct experience of them; when, therefore, he said that he had been killed in his room I took it for granted that he had been dreaming again. I was at a loss to know quite how to tackle him; whether to treat the whole thing as absurd and laugh it off as such, or whether to humor him and hear his story. I got him upstairs to my room, sat him in a big armchair, and poked the fire into a blaze.

'"You 've been dreaming again," I said bluntly.

'"Oh, no I have n't. Don't you run away with that idea."

'His whole manner was so grown up that it was quite unthinkable to treat him as the child he really was. In fact, it was a little uncanny, this man in a child's frame.

'"I was killed there," he said again.

'"How do you mean killed?" I asked him.

'"Why, killed — murdered. Of course it was years and years ago, I can't say when; still I remember the room. I suppose it was the room that reminded me of the incident."

'"Incident!" I exclaimed.

'"What else? Being killed is only an incident in the existence of anyone. One makes a fuss about it at the time, of course, but really when you come to think of it . . ."

'"Tell me about it," I said, lighting a cigarette. He lit one too, that child, and began.

'"You know my room is the only modern one in this old house. Nobody knows why it is modern. The reason is obvious. Of course it was made modern after I was killed there. The funny thing is that I should have been put there. I suppose it was done for a purpose, because I — I ——"

'He looked at me so fixedly I knew he would catch me if I lied.

'"What?" I asked.

'"Dream."

'"Yes," I said, "that is why you were put there."

'"I thought so, and yet of all the rooms — but then, of course, no one knew. Anyhow I did not recognize the room until after I was in bed. I had been asleep some time and then I woke suddenly. There is an old wheel-back chair there — the only old thing in the room. It is standing facing the fire as it must have stood the night I was killed. The fire was burning brightly, the pattern of the back of the chair was thrown in shadow across the ceiling. Now the night I was murdered the conditions were exactly the same, so directly I saw that pattern on the ceiling I remembered the whole thing. I was not dreaming, don't think it, I was not. What happened that night was this: I was lying in bed counting the parts of the back of that chair in shadow on the ceiling. I probably could not get to sleep: you know the sort of thing, count up to a thousand and remember in the morning where you got to. Well, I was counting those pieces when suddenly they were all obliterated, the whole back became a shadow, someone was sitting in the chair. Now, surely you understand that directly I saw the shadow of that chair on the ceiling to-night I realized that I had not a moment to lose. At any moment that same person might come back to that same chair and escape would be impossible. I slipped from my bed as quickly as I could and ran downstairs."

'"But were you not afraid?" I asked, "downstairs,"

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'"That she might follow me? It was a woman, you know. No, I don't think I was. She does not belong downstairs. Anyhow she did n't."

'"No," I said. "No."

'My voice must have been out of control, for he caught me up at once.

'"You don't mean to say you saw her?" he said vehemently.

'"Oh, no."

'"You felt her?"

'"She passed me as I came downstairs" I said.

'"What can I have done to her that she follows me so?" He buried his face in his hands as though searching for an answer to his thought. Suddenly he looked up and stared at me.

'"Where had I got to? Oh yes, the murder. I can remember it all distinctly.

'"You can imagine how startled I was to see that shadow in the chair — startled, you know, but not really frightened. I leaned up in bed and looked at the chair, and sure enough a woman was sitting in it — a young woman. I watched her with a profound interest until she began to turn in her chair, as I felt, to look at me; when she did that I shrank back in bed. I dared not meet her eyes. She might not have had eyes, she might not have had a face. You know the sort of pictures that one sees when one glances back at all one's soul has ever thought.

'"I got back in the bed as far as I could and peeped over the sheets at the shadow on the ceiling. I was tired; frightened to death; I grew weary of watching; I must have fallen asleep, for suddenly the fire was almost out, the pattern of the chair barely discernible, the shadow had gone. I raised myself with a sense of huge relief. Yes, the chair was empty, but, just think of it: the woman was on the floor, on her hands and knees, crawling toward the bed.

'"I fell back stricken with terror.

'"Very soon I felt a gentle pull at the counterpane. I thought I was in a nightmare but too lazy or too comfortable to try to wake myself from it. I waited in an agony of suspense, but nothing seemed to be happening, in fact I had just persuaded myself that the movement of the counterpane was fancy when a hand brushed softly over my knee. There was no mistaking it, I could feel the long, thin fingers. Now was the time to do something. I tried to rouse myself, but all my efforts were futile, I was stiff from head to foot.

'"Although the hand was lost to me, outwardly, it now came within my range of knowledge, if you know what I mean. I knew that it was groping its way along the bed feeling for some other part of me. At any moment I could have said exactly where it had got to. When it was hovering just over my chest another hand knocked lightly against my shoulder. I fancied it lost, and wandering in search of its fellow.

'"I was lying on my back staring at the ceiling when the hands met; the weight of their presence brought a feeling of oppression to my chest. I seemed to be completely cut off from my body; I had no sort of connection with any part of it, nothing about me would respond to my will to make it move.

'"There was no sound at all anywhere.

'"I fell into a state of indifference, a sort of patient indifference that can wait for an appointed time to come. How long I waited I cannot say, but when the time came it found me ready. I was not taken by surprise.

'"There was a great upward rush of pent-up force released; it was like a mighty mass of men who have been lost in prayer rising to their feet. I can't remember clearly, but I think the woman must have got on to my bed.

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I could not follow her distinctly, my whole attention was concentrated on her hands. At the time I felt those fingers itching for my throat.

'"At last they moved; slowly at first, then quicker; and then a long-drawn swish like the sound of an over-bold wave that has broken too far up the beach and is sweeping back to join the sea."

'The boy was silent for a moment, then he stretched out his hand for the cigarettes.

'"You remember nothing else?" I asked him.

'"No," he said. "The next thing I remember clearly is deliberately breaking the nursery window because it was raining and mother would not let me go out."'

There was a moment's tension, then the strain of listening passed and everyone seemed to be speaking at once. The Rector was taking the story seriously.

'Tell me, Grady,' he said. 'How long do you suppose elapsed between the boy's murder and his breaking the nursery window?'

But a young married woman in the first flush of her happiness broke in between them. She ridiculed the whole idea. Of course the boy was dreaming. She was drawing the majority to her way of thinking when, from the corner where the girl sat, a hollow-sounding voice:

'And the boy? Where is he?'

The tone of the girl's voice inspired horror, that fear that does not know what it is it fears; one could see it on every face; on every face, that is, but the face of the bald-headed little man; there was no horror on his face, he was smiling serenely as he looked the girl straight in the eyes.

'He's a man now,' he said.

'Alive?' she cried.

'Why not?' said the little old man, rubbing his hands together.

She tried to rise, but her frock had got caught between the chairs and pulled her to her seat again. The man next her put out his hand to steady her, but she dashed it away roughly. She looked round the party for an instant for all the world like an animal at bay, then she sprang to her feet and charged blindly. They crowded round her to prevent her falling; at the touch of their hands she stopped. She was out of breath as though she had been running.

'All right,' she said, pushing their hands from her. 'All right. I'll come quietly. I did it.'

They caught her as she fell and laid her on the sofa watching the color fade from her face.

The hostess, an old woman with white hair and a kind face, approached the little old man; for once in her life she was roused to anger.

'I can't think how you could be so stupid,' she said. 'See what you have done.'

'I did it for a purpose,' he said.

'For a purpose?'

'I have always thought that girl was the culprit. I have to thank you for the opportunity you have given me of making sure.'

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THE PLUMB PLAN THROUGH BRITISH EYES

WHILE we are disputing about the various reports of the Coal Industry Commission, the Miners' Federation scheme of public ownership and democratic control, the Sankey scheme, the Duckham scheme, and all the rest of them, America is in the earlier stages of a controversy very similar to our own. There, as here, the chief question at issue is the future ownership and control of the mines and railways; and there, as here, the organized miners and railway men are taking the lead in pressing for public ownership of the mines and railways, together with a real control over them by the representatives of the workers by hand and brain.

The *Plumb Plan League* is an *ad hoc* organization created by the railway Trade Unions of America to advocate the taking over of the railroads by the state, and their control on democratic lines. It takes its name from Mr. Glenn E. Plumb, counsel for the Organized Railroad Workers of America, who originated the plan which I am about to describe. It is at present conducting a vigorous propaganda through pamphlets and leaflets, to say nothing of a weekly journal, *Railroad Democracy*, with a circulation of more than a million copies. It has produced, like our own miners, a bill for submission to the United States Senate; and it is from this bill and from its pamphlets that the following details of the scheme are taken. The miners, through the United Mine Workers' Association of America, are following a similar course to the railway men; but their plans are not so far advanced, and the details of the bill which they are preparing are not yet known.

Taken as a whole, the 'Plumb Plan,' with a few important differences, bears a remarkable resemblance to the schemes put forward by Guild Socialists in this country and largely adopted by the Miners' Federation in the bill which was laid before the Coal Commission by Mr. Straker. It provides, in the first place, for the buying out of all private interests in the railroads and the complete and permanent assumption of ownership by the state. For the future management of the railroads it proposes a sharing of control between three parties — the organized 'rank and file' railroad workers, the managerial grades, and the public. It advocates the establishment of a central Railroad Commission equally representing these three parties, the representatives of the 'rank and file' workers and of the management being directly chosen by those whom they are to represent, and the representatives of the public being appointed by the President of the United States. The body thus constituted is to be an actual managing and controlling authority, entrusted with the task of running the railroads on behalf of the public. This is, of course, in conformity with the British miners' proposal, and is very different from the purely Advisory Council contemplated in Sir John Sankey's report.

This body, however, is not to have absolutely unfettered control. The rates charged by the railroads are, it is recognized, a matter of such general public concern that they cannot be left to be determined at will by a council predominantly representative of the

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industry. It is therefore proposed that maximum rates for freightage and passenger traffic shall be fixed on behalf of the public by the Inter-State Commerce Commission, whose consent would be required for any raising of them. If we assume the Inter-State Commerce Commission to be, at any rate in intention, a democratic body, public control of the rates charged is thus secured. In fact, it is probably as much secured as it would be in this country by parliamentary and departmental control.

The proposed regional and local government of the industry follows the same lines as the central control, with regional councils consisting of the same three elements acting under the direction of the central council. Here, again, the American plan follows the same line as that of the British miners.

The principal divergence appears, it is not surprising to find, in the proposed method of dealing with the surplus earnings of the industry after salaries and running expenses have been paid. This surplus, it is proposed, should normally be divided into two equal parts, of which one would go to the state for wiping off the debt on the railroads and providing for new capital expenditure. It is interesting to note that it is proposed that a proportion of new capital expenditure for opening fresh routes should be borne by the territories served by such routes. The other half of the surplus is to be divided among the workers by hand and brain in proportion to their earnings, with this difference, that each managerial worker is to receive twice as much, in proportion to his earnings, as each 'rank and file' worker. Thus, if the 'rank and file' workers receive out of the surplus five per cent on their earnings, the managerial workers will receive ten per cent. The purpose of this disparity is explained as being the necessity of making the rewards and incentives of management commensurate with the responsibility.

This is the outline of the 'Plumb Plan' in its essential features. It would, of course, be easy to expound it at much greater length, for it is very fully detailed and attempts to provide for every contingency. The outline given above, however, sufficiently indicates its general character, and its resemblances to, and differences from, some of the plans which are being put forward on this side of the Atlantic.

There can be no doubt that the plan has a considerable momentum behind it. Mr. Samuel Gompers is the president of the Plumb Plan League, and the scheme has the backing not only of all the powerful Railroad Brotherhoods and other railroad Unions, but of the American Federation of Labor as a whole. It is at present at the stage of extremely efficient and thorough propaganda, and no question of taking 'direct action' to enforce it has yet come under consideration; for, although it emerged in the course of the recent strikes in the American railroad workshops, these strikes actually centred round quite different issues. The present intention of the Railroad Brotherhoods and of the League appears to be that of first appealing to the public by propaganda activity to the fullest possible extent, and then of making the railroad question an issue as far as they can in the forthcoming presidential election. Only if these methods fail is it at present intended even to discuss the question of direct action.

The position which has led to the 'Plumb Plan' becoming an important and immediate issue in America is very much the same as the position which has forced similar questions to the front both in this country and in Germany.

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State control of mines and railways will be variously estimated as having succeeded or failed by persons of different opinions; but there can be no question of its indefinite continuance in its present form. The return of normal conditions will compel us to go forward to a fuller form of control, probably involving ownership, or else to go back and give up the control which has been developed under abnormal conditions. Going back, in most cases, involves a double difficulty. In the first place, the reversion to private control is in most cases only possible if prices are allowed to remain at a level which the public will hardly tolerate as a permanent institution. Secondly, it is more than doubtful whether, in the industries concerned, the workers can ever be persuaded again to work, or at least to give of their best, under private ownership or for private profit.

It is the second difficulty, which is by far the more serious, which is forcing upon the consideration of the public the schemes of ownership and control devised or adopted and put forward by the workers themselves. They have to be considered, because the failure or refusal of Labor to give good service under private ownership or without a real measure of control would be by itself fatal to the prospects of industrial efficiency and reasonable public service.

In one respect at least recent events seem to show that the workers in America are behaving with greater wisdom and foresight than their compeers in Great Britain. The activities of the Plumb Plan League are evidence that the American Trade Unions realize the importance of public opinion, and that they are prepared to expend energy upon propaganda designed to influence it. There are few such signs in this country. Take the case of the Coal Commission. The evidence there produced was excellent propaganda in itself; but it could have been used to many times the effect which it has actually produced if the Miners' Federation and the Labor Movement generally had known, or cared, how to use it. One of the greatest weaknesses — indeed, the only great weakness — in the miners' case at the present time is that the public as a whole, despite the evidence laid before the Coal Commission, has not been aroused to any real interest in the questions of nationalization and control. Mr. Smillie and Mr. Hodges have, no doubt, worked hard in addressing meetings; but a few men's personal activities and a single pamphlet, even if it be as good as *Facts from the Coal Commission*, do not make an organized campaign. As for the railway men, they have behaved through the recent railway negotiations, and throughout the shufflings and underhand dealings which have accompanied the passage of the Ways and Communications Bill, almost as if they did not want the railways nationalized. That they do want this and a real share in control their many past resolutions testify; but there has been not a solitary sign of propagandist activity on their part, while the future of the railways has been the subject of bargainings between the big business interests and the government.

We can certainly afford to learn from America in the matter of propaganda. Perhaps the 'Plumb Plan' itself does not tell us much that we do not know already, but it is certainly a most interesting sign that the ideas of democratic industrial control which are active in this country and on the Continent are also stirring in America, which we are apt to look upon as the chosen and permanent home of private enterprise in its most uncompromising forms. Clearly a movement which

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spontaneously makes its appearance in so many countries and under so many independent but closely similar forms, must have some real human impulse behind it, and, no less clearly, we cannot afford to leave unconsidered such a suggested solution of the industrial problem, unless we have some better substitute to offer for our present flounderings further into the mire of industrial chaos.

The New Statesman

ANGLO-AMERICAN EXCHANGE: A PRESSING PROBLEM

BY CHARLES DUGUID

It is no reproach to either Great Britain or the United States that what is known as the 'exchange problem' existing between the two countries has become grave. On the contrary, the difficulty which now exists is an outcome of the kinship and good will existing between the two nations; it arises from the aid, quite invaluable, which the United States rendered to Great Britain in the time of her trouble, especially during the earlier stages of the war. The doors of the American people as well as their hearts were opened to the British people, and through those doors poured war material, food, commodities of all kinds, even money, not only for England's own use against her enemy but to enable her to assist her Allies. Had Great Britain not been able to purchase in the United States the necessities which were lavishly supplied for use against her well-prepared enemy, the results would probably have been too terrible to contemplate. As it was, the inestimable service rendered by the one nation to the other will knit closer for all time the bond which binds them.

It leaves the United Kingdom, however, heavily indebted to the United States. The sentimental debt will not be forgotten; the material debt must forthwith be reduced, especially as it gives rise to that deleterious exchange position which is good for neither country.

When one nation is heavily indebted to another, when it has purchased a huge mass of commodities, and goes on purchasing, without sending commodities to balance the debt, then the exchange value of the money of the debtor country suffers — the exchange moves against the debtor country. If the amount of money owing by England to the United States were about equal to the amount owing by the United States to England, as it is in normal times, then the demand in America for bills of exchange representing pounds sterling would be about equal to the supply and there would be no exchange difficulty.

These bills of exchange are drawn by the American exporter on the British importer. The British importer eventually pays them when they become due, but meantime the American exporter discounts them; that is, he sells them through his bank to those who want them to pay debts in England. If, as is now very much the case, there is a big supply of bills of exchange representing debts owing from England to America, and a very small demand for them representing debts owing from America to England, then the price of those bills suffers as the price always does when supply exceeds demand. That is, the American seller of the bill representing pounds sterling has to accept fewer dollars for them than if the demand were equal to the supply.

In normal times before the war, he used to get 4.86 dollars for every pound; now, at the present rate of ex-

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change, he can get only 4.36 dollars to the pound. The pound is thus worth about 50 cents less to the American, and to put himself right he has to raise his price against the Englishman, who has to pay about 12 per cent more — £112 for every £100 worth of goods — than he would if the exchange were normal. If the English importer goes on paying the higher price it is bad for him and his customers; if he considers it prohibitive and ceases to buy the goods it is bad for the American export trade to this country.

During the war the British Government considered the position sufficiently acute to justify it in regulating the rate of exchange by means which were very artificial. It bought up in America bills drawn on this country, thus creating a fictitious demand for them and preventing the rate of exchange falling below a certain level. Doubtless, this measure was justified because the rate of exchange might have become prohibitive and England was in dire need of the goods, but it was a very good thing for the American exporter, though a very expensive measure for the British Government, and some time after the armistice this support of the exchange rate by the British Government was withdrawn.

Now, the British Government is being urged to deal with the matter in a manner which would be less pleasant for the American exporter, but which would find its excuse in the absolute necessity for taking some measure of self-protection against the continued depreciation of the English sovereign in terms of the American dollar, and against the unsettling effect upon commerce between the two countries which the abnormal exchange is exercising. If England imported less from the United States, that, as has just been shown, would by reducing her debt tend to rectify the exchange, and it is proposed that the British Government should strengthen the ban against the import of luxuries from the United States by adopting a system of allowing such imports only under special license, granted in each case. Already, of course, such imports are discouraged, but even Americans themselves see that something more must be done to rectify the adverse exchange which exists, so serious for Great Britain. She must act in self-protection.

That the Americans themselves see that something must be done is evident from their efforts to solve the problem in another way. They recognize that an exchange rate adverse to England tends to restrict the purchase there of American goods and thus reduce American exports. Without directly supporting the value of English bills, as the British Government did, and as some thought they would do when the British Government support was withdrawn, they are encouraging the granting of credits on this side of the Atlantic and the investment here of American money. By as much as they do that they of course become temporary debtors; the flow of credits out of the States does something to balance the amount owing to the States. They are also arranging with the British Government to fund its short-term indebtedness, that is to convert sums falling due now into more permanent debt, thus lessening the amount of present indebtedness. But obviously such measures as these are more or less temporary, for while the investment of American money on this side does something to relieve the present situation, interest on the investments will have to be paid and subsequently the principal itself will become repayable. Similarly, with the granting of more credits, the temporary alleviation ceases when they have to be repaid,

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and the last state may become worse than the first.

The ideal remedy for the situation would be the production of goods in Great Britain and their export to America on such a scale as would balance the British indebtedness. At this every Englishman should aim, but at present we are not producing enough, thanks to strikes and labor unsettlement, with which the people of America can from their own experience sympathize. Great Britain is extravagantly importing from the United States more than she can afford, at prices raised by the rate of exchange, and if it becomes the regrettable duty of the British Government to prevent part of the importation by drastic means, then that duty must be performed.

The Landmark

AFTER THE RAIN

BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER

Cool fields have drunk the drowsy rain,
And clouds the silver sun,
They shake him out below again
And the dusk has begun.

Sweet smells the earth and sweet the grass,
The shower shadows fill
The distant sky like bars, and pass
Away behind the hill.

The crawling furrows steam with heat,
The sodden meadows smoke,
The valley where their vapors meet
Is covered with a cloak.

Not from this hilltop's knuckled fist
Shall any challenge go,
Nor from those peaceful tents of mist
Shall any bugle blow.

The New Statesman

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TALK OF EUROPE

STRASBOURG, which at this time last year was Strassburg, the capital of the Imperial province of Alsace-Lorraine, has returned to France, to the overwhelming joy of the Alsatians. The city, which suffered severely in 1871, was fortunately spared a second bombardment. After '71 there was a great influx of purely German elements, and the attempt at complete Germanization was nowhere more strongly shown than in the university, which, suppressed during the French Revolution, was reopened in 1872, provided with a complete set of German-built 'Instituts' of great elaboration, and made a centre of exclusively Prussian 'Kultur.' Now, of course, all that is changed. The elaborate buildings remain, housing in their two pompous shells the equipments of learning in the provision of which the Germans excel, but the Prussian staff has gone, and with it the German contingent of students. French professors of European reputation control the six faculties which the university boasts, but so many French students have laid down their lives in the war of liberation that the classes are not at the moment full. The university offers to those English and American students who would formerly have gone to a German university a wonderful opportunity to acquire at the same time the best elements of both German and French education — the library, which remains, is as strong in German books as are the best German universities. Everything is being done by the authorities to make English and American students welcome, and we hope to see full advantage taken of their generous anxiety to make English-speaking students at home in their ancient city.

THERE is one sign of the fact that perhaps the Conference will not sit in Paris much longer, and that is the closing of the Hôtel Dufayel. It is a preposterous mansion, built for himself by the millionaire Whiteley of Paris, and combining every known error of taste, from the fact that its exterior calls for a wide green park and has not even a garden, to the immense quantities of figures of ladies all over the house. In plaster and marble, in paint, in bronze, on walls and ceilings, in niches, at unexpected angles of the stairs, outside on the veranda and inside where the footmen stand, these multitudinous ladies affright the eye with their exiguous clothing, pronounced figures, and lack of artistic excellence. When the mansion was first thrown open to the Allied Press these ladies provided the cynical journalistic mind with a joke which lasted for months. When a man is thinking of his work, of telephones, of special wires, of how to get a taxi, of where to find his secretary, and of the urgent necessity of being in seven places at once, as implied in his editor's latest telegram, it is with impatience that his harassed eye falls upon a nude simpering like an imbecile. The Hôtel Dufayel, in spite of these absurd decorations, was a comfortable home for journalists, who could there find telephone facilities and comparative quiet — could meet their colleagues, and every now and then combined to entertain important figures of the Peace Conference. Women, even accredited journalists, were excluded, save when concerts were given. The late M. Dufayel would have wondered to see how closely modern fashions enable living women to follow the costumes of plaster ones.

THE chief count on which the ex-Kaiser is to be tried — if ever he is tried — is the breach of the Treaty of 1839 guaranteeing the independence of Belgium. This outcry about the sanctity of treaties is either ignorance or cant, says the *Saturday Review*. There has never been an important international treaty that has not been torn up or ignored or modified within a few years of its signature. The Congress Treaty of Vienna, 1815, was torn up in 1830 by the separation of Holland and

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Belgium. The Treaty of Paris, 1856, was reversed as to its chief clause by Russia in 1871. The treaty of London, 1852, which guaranteed to Denmark the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, was torn up by Bismarck in 1864, England, a signatory, standing idly by. The Berlin Treaty of 1878 has been altered out of recognition. A study of *The Great European Treaties of the Nineteenth Century*, edited by Sir Augustus Oakes and Mr. R. B. Mowat, published by the Clarendon Press, would be an education for our press and politicians.

Sir Herbert Stephen is perfectly right when he says that such words as 'trial,' 'justice,' 'evidence,' and 'counsel' are misused in connection with William of Hohenzollern's appearance in London. What we propose to do with the ex-Kaiser is, not to try him, but to punish him. For that purpose a Court-martial would be the best tribunal, and William might be indicted for breaches of martial law, as recognized by the regulations of all civilized armies, and amplified by what are known as the Hague Conventions of 1907, which were signed by Germany. To mention only two of those Conventions, No. 8 (Articles 1 and 2) forbids the laying of automatic contact mines off the ports and coasts of the enemy, and the use of torpedoes which do not become harmless when they have missed their mark. Convention 9 forbids the bombardment by naval forces of undefended ports and towns. A Declaration 'prohibits the discharge of projectiles and explosives from balloons.' How queerly that reads now!

THE great Irish Peer, Lord Meath, has recently printed the following scheme for the government of Ireland. He writes:

'May I offer the following as my humble contribution toward the settlement of the Irish Constitutional problem?

'1. In view of the feelings of the mass of the Irish people toward the United Kingdom, the political unity of Ireland must ultimately mean separation from Great Britain and the Empire.

'2. If Ireland is, therefore, to remain within the Empire there must be no United or Federal Irish Parliament in Dublin.

'3. There can, in my opinion, be no permanent peace between Ireland and Great Britain until a Federation of Independent States within the British Isles, under the control of a Central Parliament representing all the States sitting in London, has been established, on a somewhat similar model to that of the United States, and of our own self-governing Dominions of Canada, Australia, and in a modified manner of South Africa.

'4. As it may be many years before such a radical change in the Constitution will approve itself to the people of Great Britain and Ireland, some temporary kind of Home Rule in Ireland must be adopted which will not interfere with the adoption later on of a system of Federation of Independent States within the British Isles, placing them on the same political plane as the British self-governing Dominions.

'5. It is generally acknowledged by thinking men that Ulster must not be coerced.

'6. The coercion of Ulster would mean the establishment of a permanent running sore in the side of Nationalist Ireland. Nationalist Ireland would be far stronger if she left Ulster severely alone.

'7. Ulster, or the six northern countries, therefore, should be offered the choice of separate Home Rule under the control of the British Parliament in matters of an Imperial character, or of remaining as at present part of the United Kingdom.

'8. Nationalist Ireland, outside Ulster, or the six northern counties, should be given the choice of Provincial or of United Home Rule, subject to the control of the British Parliament in all Imperial matters.'

THE two millions a day we are spending more than our income will not be saved by trifles or by trifling.

It is incredible — it is uncalled for — it is ruinous waste that the cost of the Fleet is now one hundred and forty millions a year! (In 1904 it was thirty-four millions!) So the whole national expenditure before the war was only a third more than the present navy estimates. Then a huge anti-German Fleet had to be ready to strike! Now that German Fleet is at the bottom of the sea!

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Yes! Thank God our pre-war Fleet was instantly ready and was efficiently ready to strike! But it did n't! It was the Lord that struck! There was no Napoleon, no Nelson, no Sedan, no Trafalgar! It was 'the Angel of the Lord went forth,' and the German Fleet were as 'Dead corpses in the morning' (*à la* Sennacherib) when that armistice (which annihilated Germany) was proclaimed at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918. Imagine! Here we are, getting on for a year ago, and yet spending this prodigious excess of two millions beyond our income!

I have to say from severe experience and great obloquy that Departmental Committees or Cabinet Committees or even Prime Ministers are no use in such an extremity. You must turn out the whole spendthrift crew 'neck and crop' who are responsible for this ruinous waste of money.

You must be ruthless, relentless, and remorseless! Sack the lot!

Those fearful souls who always shudder to 'Shoot at sight' and to 'Think in oceans' must take courage.

We are wasting money on half the navy because it is obsolete already by the immense development of big, fast ships and huge guns (the last light cruiser launched has more horse-power than the Lusitania, and the public saw recently in the Thames the monster 18-inch navy gun used in the war, and the 20-inch gun was ready to be built when I left the Admiralty on May 22, 1915), so half the navy wants scrapping and the other half will be equally useless in a very few years because of the internal combustion engine and oil!

Let us all pray that Sir William Watson (our great poet) will not appeal in vain to his countrymen, in his wondrous poem, 'The Doom,' to retrench!

If the nation does n't sack the spendthrifts,
'Then is the day of crumbling not far off.'

In spite of the setback due to cessation of war demand and unusual hesitancy and caution among buyers abroad while prices are so fluctuating, Japan's trade is in a fairly wholesome condition, though the end of the year is bound to face a steadily increasing adverse balance of trade. The demand at home, however, is on the increase, and industry has encouraging prospects. The greatest danger lies in the growing propensity to speculation, similar to what went on after the war with Russia, when such recklessness finally led to numerous cases of financial embarrassment and failure. Since the cessation of the war a great many factories have had to close down, and a still greater number have been obliged to reduce hands, the total number of factories thus affected being 867, with 28,653 hands discharged. The industries most affected are dyeing, weaving, mechanical, chemical, food, and electrical works.

Among the most prosperous industries, shipbuilding appears still to lead, though silk and cotton are paying high dividends. Before the war Japan had only 17 slips capable of launching ships of over 1,000 tons, but now she has 145 yards able to launch 600,000 tons annually. In 1915 the total tonnage launched was only 40,485, but last year it was over 513,500 tons. Of course, the native shipping companies are equally prosperous, paying over 50 per cent in dividends, with new lines being constantly developed. The enormous profits enjoyed by some enterprises, together with the failure of numerous others, side by side with extremes of luxury and poverty, profiteers, and the unemployed, are creating a state of social unrest with which Japan will soon have to reckon. Bolshevism has not yet reached Japan; but the attitude of labor abroad finds a slight echo in this country, and already, for the first time, the government has consented to the organization of labor unions; but Japanese labor yet lacks both leadership and funds, and will make but poor headway against capital. The press is loud in the demand for more amicable relations between capital and labor in Japan.

The most pressing problem in Japan at present is the continued high cost of living. Prices are three times what they were before the war for life's necessities, especially for rice, the staple food of the nation.

How the treasures of the British Museum were protected during the air raids is related in the report dealing with the Mu-

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seum for the year ending 1918, issued as a White Paper.

When it became known that air raids were likely to take place in greater force and with heavier bombs, the most important among the portable objects in the departments of Antiquities (including the Frieze of the Parthenon, the best of the Greek vases and bronzes, the chief Assyrian bas-reliefs, the Rosetta Stone, and the finest objects of mediæval art, together with practically the whole collection of coins and medals), were transferred to a station on the newly-completed Postal Tube Railway some fifty feet below the surface of Holborn.

Fifteen vanloads of the most precious literary and artistic treasures were transferred to the National Library of Wales, at Aberystwyth, and a small selection of exceptionally valuable printed books was housed by Mr. C. W. Dyson Perrins in the strong room of his house near Malvern.

Other articles were placed in the strong rooms in the basement of the Museum, and the sculptures, which were too heavy for removal to the Tube, were protected by sandbags. Much of the glass and china which could not be removed was protected against the risk of concussion by being stored in packing cases.

As soon as the armistice was signed the restoration of the Museum was at once taken in hand, and the return of the collections from Aberystwyth, Malvern, and the Tube station began in December.

Much use was made of the resources of the Library by the Intelligence Departments of the Admiralty and War Office.

With regard to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, the total number of visits made by the public during the year was 422,805, as compared with 423,128 in 1917. It has been decided to keep the museum open to the public till 5 P.M. on week-days during the winter months (November-February).

As a protection against air raids the study collection of small mammals was sent to the Royal Albert Memorial Museum, Exeter; the Sloane Herbarium and a number of type specimens and original drawings of plants of historical value, as well as a number of meteorites were, by the kindness of Lord Rothschild, housed in his museum at Tring.

Since the cessation of hostilities all the specimens removed have been safely returned without loss or mishap.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Pierre Mille is one of the most popular authors and journalists who compose the Parisian group.

* * *

Mr. W. T. Goode and **Mr. Keeling** were recently sent by the *Manchester Guardian* on a visit to Russia. Mr. Goode was evidently treated well by the Bolsheviki, while Mr. Keeling, against whom the Commissars have a grudge, has disappeared.

* * *

Rabindranath Tagore, poet and Nobel prize-winner, has resigned his knighthood, as a protest against the domination of India by force.

Lord Charnwood will be familiar to Americans as the biographer of Lincoln.

* * *

G. A. Birmingham, clergyman, author, and dramatist, is well known to every lover of good humor.

* * *

Vincent O'Sullivan, critic and novelist, is an American by birth, but is much better known in England than in his native country.

* * *

Charles Duguid is financial editor of the *Daily Mail*.

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CHAMBERS

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

On the crag's edge a dewy cluster of thrift
Sparkles like amethysts against the sea,
A sea of sapphire laced unceasingly
By little lines of foam, and wings that drift
And wheel and dip in mazy dazzling flight
Bewildering before my dreamy eyes
That watch the snow and sapphire sink and rise,
Drowsed by the interweaving blue and white.

Yet in my chambered mind the while I see,
Within an attic in a swarming high
And cliff-like tenement that blocks the sky,
One knitting and one stitching at a hem,
Two patient women uncomplainingly
Talking of all that life has done to them.

The labyrinthine corridors of my mind
Between dead, lightless, many-chambered walls
In endless mazes of confusion wind;
And only now and again the live ray falls,
Touching the secret spring of some hid door
With magic, flinging open some unknown
Vast chamber of light wherein there dwells alone
Beauty of terror never glimpsed before.

Could but that ray through all the chambers glow
Once and forever till my mind should burn
One sunlike chamber of still crystal light!
But only rarely, opening out of turn,
Two neighboring doors spring wide at once and show
Beauty and terror together in the night.

The Athenæum

LONDON MORNING

BY P. SELVER

A pall of clouds, poised as till doomsday, weighs
Drowsily, dankly on the waking town:
A laggard drizzle, mutely oozing down,
Drifts round the house-tops in a clammy haze.

Lustreless windows, slattern shop-fronts gaze
At their smeared counterfeits, and bleakly frown
To see them reel and flounder till they drown
In the street-mirror with its crinkled glaze.

Then on bedraggled trees and sodden roads
A touch of warm and quickening breath is fanned:
See how the tarnished canopy forebodes,
Meltingly luminous, the sun at hand.
Moist perfume seethes as billowy as yeast,
And, like a lifted curse, the rain has ceased.

To-day

THE MOON ROSE UP

BY JOSEPH CAMPBELL

The moon rose up in a dove-wing sky,
The wafer moon went drifting by.

The dove-wing deepened into blue,
The moon turned silver, the stars looked through.

Looked through the fir-boughs, blown to flame
By the gusty wind that went and came

Till the sea, unseen in the gathering night,
Strewed the distance with crests of white.

What though the like had fallen before,
I knelt to Beauty, and shut my door.

The Nation

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